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SPAIN.

WE cannot regard it as a very important occurrence that Spain should be blest with a revival of the Constitution of 1845. The QUEEN and her Minister have, in substance, merely announced that they will for the present exercise their power under certain forms; and no Spaniard supposes that the Royal promise is worth three months' purchase. A Constitution, if it is to bear a serious meaning, presupposes a community willing to submit to it, and able to enforce it; but neither of these conditions attaches to the manifesto which the Government of Madrid has thought proper to put forth. If the Constitution of 1845 had possessed any vitality, it would not have required republication within eleven years. It may possibly include sufficient paper securities for freedom, but those who now promulgate it assert, by the very act, their own authority to narrow the intervention of the people in the affairs of the State. The system of 1854 also rested on a military revolt, and on a nominal compromise between the Crown and the nation; and if the QUEEN can revoke her pledges to ESPARTERO, she may with equal ease disavow the more limited promises given in her name by O'DONNELL. The only political lesson which can be learnt from the transaction is, that the Court is the most powerful agent in Spanish affairs, while at the same time there are limits to its caprice.

Notwithstanding the ludicrous rapidity with which constitutions succeed each other in Spain, there has, for a quarter of a century, been one element common to them all. Representative Government has for the most part been a fiction, but the present dynasty has hitherto never ventured openly to renounce it. Once or twice, as in 1854, the nation has asserted its supremacy; and in the worst of times it has been sufficiently formidable to secure an acknowledgment of its rights. If the country were free, the Ministry could not extemporise Constitutions and additional Acts; but a secure despotism would carefully abstain from pledges which verbally deny its own existence. Amid the uncertainty and oscillation of legal rights, there is still in Spain a certain balance of forces. Two of O'DONNELL's acts seem not inconsistent with sound policy. In suppressing the National Guard, he has got rid of an institution which has failed in every part of the Continent; and by dissolving the constituent Cortes, he has taught the Liberal party that, on their return to power, they will do well to govern at once, instead of wasting their strength in manufacturing a system of Government. The legislative bodies which he proposes to substitute in place of the late Cortes will probably be servile or impotent; but they also will disappear in their turn. In the meanwhile, it is of the utmost importance that the forms of freedom should be maintained, even in the temporary interruption of liberty.

In Spain itself, more interest is felt in the practical measures which are to be adopted than in the letter and number of the pigeon-hole from which the Constitution of the moment may have been taken down. O'DONNELL may perhaps still carry with him the sympathies of the Liberal party, if he proceeds with the application to public purposes of the secularized Church property. The most serious question on which the Court and the country are at issue is the conflict between the claims of Rome and the repeated decisions of the Cortes; and, by succeeding in the reversal of the modern policy of the Government, the Crown will most effectually prove that its power is in fact supreme. The general expediency of dealing with ecclesiastical property may be fairly debated, and the religious interests and conscientious scruples of the community are unquestionably entitled to reasonable consideration; but, in Spain, at the present moment, the whole nation is in favour of the secularization, while the conscientious scruples are altogether personal to the Court. The peculiar morality of the

Royal family is of the same kind which has so often led princes to sacrifice public interests to ecclesiastical pretensions in return for an unlimited toleration of private licence. LOUIS XIV. compensated for his mistresses by extirpating Protestantism with fire and sword; and the modern eccentricities of the Escorial furnish a lever with which the clergy can move the Royal conscience to resist the spoliation of the Church. The people at large feel that, if secularization is a sin, they have already committed it, and they are still far from repenting of their guilt. It is natural that they should not wish to surrender the fruit of their sacrilegious cupidity. A sovereign cannot set himself more offensively in opposition to his subjects than by introducing his own religious feelings into the policy of the State. The QUEEN and the titular King of SPAIN have not even the excuse that they are virtuous, when they attempt to debar their countrymen from the unaccustomed enjoyment of solvency. The Prime Minister, with all his faults, has not yet displayed any tendency to conscientious objections in the conduct of public affairs.

Spanish difficulties will probably exhaust themselves in course of time, if conflicting parties are left to find their level; but the independence as well as the internal liberty of the nation is seriously endangered by the constant succession of revolutions. NAPOLEON carried out, as in many other instances, the policy of the BOURBONS, when he set their dynasty aside; and whenever the Peninsula is weakened by domestic dissensions, the French tradition, that the Pyrenees have ceased to exist, immediately shows a tendency to revive. It is at least unfortunate that the Spanish Minister should have received the ribbon of the Legion of Honour immediately after his triumph over the party of ESPARTERO; and although the ostentatious sympathy of the French Government with the alleged restorers of order will probably be confined to words and ceremonies, it is not forgotten that the Duke of ANGOULEME invaded Spain on precisely the same pretext. The approval of France would render any Spanish Administration justly unpopular, for it is reasonable to suppose that the policy which is least national will most readily find favour at the Tuileries. Under present circumstances, there is no danger of an actual intervention; but the diplomatic influence of a foreign Power is always degrading and injurious. O'DONNELL has committed a grave error in courting or accepting the sanction of the French Government to his acts.

It is by no means certain that the troubles of the Peninsula would not be most effectually relieved by the establishment of a Federal Republic. Notwithstanding the long duration of the absolute monarchy, Spain has never been reduced to the unity or uniformity of France. A Republic established in Madrid would, no doubt, be unable to control the provinces; but Aragon, Castile, or Catalonia might arrange their own domestic affairs, while contributing to the support of the Central Government. The difficulty would be still more easily solved by an able and honest King; but the most sanguine devotees of royalty must have ceased to hope for such a miracle. For more than two centuries and a half, the monarchs of Spain have, with a single exception, been among the lowest of mankind. The vigour of the House of Austria expired with PHILIP II., who, following the example of his father, had done his utmost to destroy the liberties of his subjects. His descendants and successors became more and more imbecile, until the extinction of the main line in the latter part of the 17th century; and the grandson of LOUIS XIV., who ascended the vacant throne, passed from personal insignificance into mental imbecility. CHARLES III., alone of his race, was to a certain extent a vigorous and reforming monarch; but CHARLES IV. was the friend and tool of GODOY, the dupe of NAPOLEON, and, worst of all, the father of FERDINAND, who was the father of ISABELLA II. The Spanish and Neapolitan BOURBONS have

long been the most degraded among the reigning families of Europe.

The interference of England on behalf of the present QUEEN, and the formation of the Quadruple Alliance, may have been justified under the circumstances; but they belong to a policy which is not likely to be renewed. Yet the exclusion of Don CARLOS and his family from the throne has not been without its advantages. The war which was undertaken for the promotion of constitutional doctrines ended in disappointment, but not in total failure. The best recommendation of ISABELLA II. is her doubtful title, which renders it necessary for her to depend in some degree on the support of her subjects. With the formal abolition of representative institutions, the QUEEN's claim would become visibly invalid. Despotism for despotism, the legitimate male heir has undeniably the preferable title. The QUEEN perpetrates acts of violence and treachery in right of her BOURBON blood; but this is no reason why she should be preferred to her cousin if she ventured openly to abolish representative institutions. It is for this reason principally that it is thought expedient to make use of liberal phrases, notwithstanding the most despotic encroachments on public liberty. It is also possible that patriotic Spaniards may be unwilling to destroy their own handiwork. A more vigorous and prudent ESPARTERO might still succeed in raising Spain to her proper place in Europe. After all, the position of the country is far happier than that of Italy. National independence and a system of constitutional fictions are preferable to the Austrian bayonet and to the tyranny of Naples.

#### THE BRUSSELS FREE-TRADE CONGRESS.

TO read the report of a Free-trade meeting is, to an Englishman, like plunging into a curious archaeological investigation. It is not very many years since we were in the midst of the discussion ourselves, and yet an argument in favour of the great national policy of Protection is already as much out of date as an essay on the Divine right of kings. We doubt if there is a man left in the United Kingdom who would unreservedly proclaim himself a Protectionist. The most tenacious of the former worshippers of the exploded superstition content themselves with a feeble attempt to explain the success of Free Trade on other than Free-trade principles. Now and then an antiquated disciple of the SPOONER and NEWDEGATE philosophy tries to explain away the prosperity which he cannot deny by some strange theory about Australian gold, or talks ineffable nonsense about the currency, after the manner of Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON. But, in spite of themselves, the very dullest of the party are not only silenced, but are convinced of the soundness of the principle which they formerly opposed with all the energy of stolid prejudice. Who ever heard of contented farmers until their prosperity had been blasted by the perfidy of Sir ROBERT PEELE? But now an agricultural dinner is quite a cheerful affair. Stout yeomen, who used always to be denouncing statesmen and dreading legislation, now congratulate themselves that they are enjoying remunerative prices which depend, not on the whim of Parliament or the dodges of the corn market, but on the unchangeable natural laws of demand and supply. The agricultural society which met a few days ago at Carlisle bestowed its heartiest cheers on Sir JAMES GRAHAM, not for dilating on a grievance, but for dwelling on the prosperity which Free Trade has secured for the farmers. It is the same throughout the country; and even the perverse ingenuity of Sir BULWER LYTTON can find no better grievance to talk about to the Society over which he presides in Hertfordshire, than the agricultural statistics with which the Government has threatened to facilitate the calculations of farmers. The rapid conversion of the old Protectionists is in curious contrast with the gradual steps by which the doctrine of Free Trade had previously forced its way. Only by the persistent agitation of years was it found possible to gain over a majority even of the educated classes; and when the great experiment was at length tried, perhaps one-half of the community believed that the ruin of England was assured. Since then, the argument of visible facts has made more converts than the severest logic could have gained in double the time; and England is now more unanimous in support of a policy just ten years old than she had ever been in her faith in the traditional maxims of Protection.

It is necessary to bear in mind the history of our own

education in the true principles of commerce, in order to judge fairly of the efforts which enlightened Continental statesmen are making to advance the principles of Free Trade. With us, the doctrine is no longer an opinion—we know that it is right. Theory has become fact. Almost all foreign States, however, are just in the position which we occupied some fifteen years ago. Their clearest-headed men are battling for the theory, as COBDEN and the League had to battle for it. Monopolists are crying out for protection to native industry, just as our landlords and farmers used to clamour here. The Governments, for the most part, are in the same state of transition which English statesmen had reached during the years immediately preceding the repeal of the Corn-laws. We are not sure that they are not even more advanced. The Emperor NAPOLEON has given unmistakeable signs of his personal convictions on the subject. There is a strong Free-trade leaven in his Ministry; and M. CHEVALIER, one of the ablest of the apostles of commercial freedom who are now engaged in the conversion of Europe to common sense, holds an office of some importance in the French Administration. Austria and Prussia have made, of late years, significant alterations in their tariffs, and a remarkable expansion of trade has followed, especially in silk manufactures. Holland, though she still clings to her Navigation laws, has greatly reduced her import duties; and according to M. CLINK STERK, who represented that country at the recent Free-trade Congress at Brussels, there is no article which Dutchmen are now prohibited from importing, with the single exception of barrelled herrings. Even Spain, where every other reform seems hopeless, has made some progress in the revision of her customs duties, with the natural consequence of an increase of revenue and an improvement of trade. Belgium, following our example, has abolished all duties on articles of food. Not only has Sardinia withdrawn artificial protection from various branches of industry—and that with the best results—but even Rome and Naples are moving in the same direction. In short, all the Governments of Europe are setting their faces towards Free Trade. What they have actually accomplished is, it must be confessed, but little, and is chiefly valuable as an indication that they will not lag far behind the convictions of their subjects. But even an absolute Government is cautious of offending any strong sectional interests, and no great commercial changes can be expected until the hosts of foreign Protectionists shall have been thinned by conversions to Free Trade.

Discussion alone is wanting to complete the victory. Such a meeting as that of the International Free-trade Congress at Brussels cannot but have a powerful effect on opinion; and if its members do but push the agitation with half the energy of our Anti-Corn-law League, a Protectionist will, perhaps, in a few years, be as rare an animal in Europe as he has already become with us. In one respect, the advocates of Free-trade on the Continent have an immense advantage over their English predecessors. The orators of Covent Garden had nothing but pure theory and logic to appeal to—the Congress of Brussels has had the easier task of maintaining a principle which has already been established by successful experiment. Instead of a new proposition to prove, Continental Free-traders have merely a known truth to promulgate. When the actual results of English experience are understood, the contest will be ended once for all. Throughout the speeches which were delivered at the Congress, we are glad to see that the appeal to facts was the predominant argument. The letter in which Mr. COBDEN apologized for his absence contains a short summary of the working of Free Trade in England which ought to satisfy the most bigoted Protectionist. The familiar subject seems to have restored to the League leader all the clearness and force of his old Anti-Corn-law speeches. There is just one passing snarl at the “foolish, just, and necessary” war; but, with this exception, there is not a word in his letter which could be altered with advantage. The broad facts are given, unnumbered by detail, and they speak for themselves with irresistible force. The marvellous progress of our exports, as shown by the returns of the last ten years, is, in truth, an unanswerable argument. In 1846, the amount was 57,000,000*l.*—in 1855, a year of war, it reached 95,000,000*l.* But the present year of peace far surpasses all—the exports already returned being at the rate of 110,000,000*l.* per annum, or nearly double the amount of 1846.



According to Mr. CORDEN's estimate, we may expect our exports in the present year to exceed those of France, Austria, Russia, and Spain put together, and to amount to double those of the United States. It is difficult to conceive that foreigners can long resist the evidence of facts like these. But there is one feeling which may, nevertheless, do much to prevent them from drawing the true practical inference from them. British commerce has always been regarded abroad with undisguised jealousy. Whatever England does is sure to be viewed, by a large class of politicians in every part of the Continent, as a scheme for forcing printed calicoes upon reluctant populations. The Navigation Laws and the duty on corn were with justice regarded as proofs of a narrow and exclusive spirit; and the expansion of Free Trade may, perhaps, be deprecated, by the same jealous critics, as a step towards the absorption of all the commerce of the world into English channels. Of course the notion is an absurdity; but a man must be almost a Free-trader himself before he can appreciate the force of the obvious answer, that we cannot increase our exports without causing a proportionate increase in those of the countries with which we deal. Perhaps Mr. CORDEN's way of meeting the objection is the most likely to tell upon the apprehensions of our foreign rivals. "If universal Free Trade would give an undue advantage to England, how much more ought this jealousy to be excited by the gigantic preponderance of wealth and power which the exclusive adoption of the Free-trade policy is conferring on her!" Commercial jealousy is a blunder of the same order as Protection itself; but it is a feeling difficult to root out, and some who are satisfied that Free Trade would not prejudice their own country, may yet be disinclined to a policy which unquestionably would benefit us. Time, however, will dissipate these notions abroad, as it has done here, and will teach the truer doctrine, that in the intercourse of peace the gain of one nation is the gain of all. Meanwhile, we may curb our impatience by remembering how long and how stoutly the wholesome truth was resisted by ourselves.

#### NEW BISHOPS AND BISHOPRICS.

THE Bishoprics of London and Durham are filled up; and as there are precedents for every conceivable principle in making episcopal appointments, there is, of course, ample precedent for the particular promotions which have been decided upon in the case of those sees. Durham, being a very rich diocese, has, it seems, been reserved as a reward for tried episcopal efficiency, and the Bishop of Ripon is translated to it, although we are reminded that such a course is adopted for this occasion only, as the principle of translation is definitively abandoned. That populous and difficult see requires the matured wisdom of an experienced prelate. London, on the other hand, being a still more populous, and still more difficult diocese, is to receive as its chief pastor one who comes to his work untrammelled by previous ties, who has no foregone policy or conclusions to work out, and who is wedded to no routine. So Dr. TAIT, the Dean of Carlisle, is to be the metropolitan Bishop. The old and tried man suits the Durham difficulties—the young and untried one will best suit the London emergencies. There is something—perhaps much—to be said for either view of the case; but it is certainly odd that the two opposite principles are simultaneously adopted. We dare say the appointments will be favourably received, for they are of a fair level character—that of Durham, indeed, may be regarded as above the average. The Dean of CARLISLE mounts the metropolitan throne unknown to literature, and with little or no parochial experience; and he keeps up the tradition and the type of the school-master bishop—a British institution which we thought taste and experience had concurred to condemn. But Dr. TAIT's friends speak well of him. He is likely to be prudent, cautious, and fair-dealing. In fact, had he not been prudent and cautious, he would, with his unquestionable talents, have made himself a more conspicuous name in these stirring times. But the age is one of safe men; and all except those who have had the weakness to hold and to carry out defined principles in Church matters, may be thankful for the rule of safe men. Dr. TAIT is a safe man, and this is a substantial guarantee that he will be a just ruler. Lord PALMERSTON has had the dexterity to make a choice which will receive the calm acquiescence of the Church, if not the enthusiastic welcome of every section of it. The lesson of the appointment is, that it is the best policy for all young clergymen of talents and acquirements

diligently to cultivate the useful art of silence; and that if they take care to keep their opinions to themselves, and to confine their duties to the school-room rather than to the parish, they stand a very good chance of being Deans, and, in due time, Bishops. That the hint will serve to regulate the discretion, if not to stimulate the zeal, of the clergy, there can be no question; and such, perhaps, is its object.

Another reason offered for the selection of a prelate new to the Episcopal Bench is, that it is proposed to divide the see of London. The newspapers seem to accept this intention as an already accomplished fact; and they comment on it accordingly. There lacks, of course, the slight formality of the consent of Parliament to the arrangement; but this, it may be presumed, will not be withheld. Nevertheless, it may be doubted, in more than one quarter, whether the division of the See of London is the very first necessity in the extension of the English Episcopate. It may, indeed, be urged by some that, as we have a large collegiate church at Westminster, it will cost little to give it a Bishop; but we own we feel little sympathy with this Corinthian-capital view of the question. What are the facts of the case? It is undeniable that, relatively to its population, England is undermanned as to its episcopate. With the solitary exception of the addition of a single see, the Bishops of England are what they were at the Reformation. At that period, it was proposed to erect twenty new sees. Six were created, of which only five survived, and the TUDOR courtiers accounted for the endowment of the rest. The population of England was then four millions; and, after the lapse of more than three centuries, the English bishoprics have only received a single addition. The average population of each diocese is, among ourselves, more than 650,000. In France, there is a Bishop for every 400,000 souls—in Austria, for every 350,000—in Spain, for every 200,000—in Portugal, for every 110,000. There can be no question that more Bishops are wanted; and the pledge given in 1847 for the establishment of four new bishoprics has hitherto been unredeemed, except by the creation of the new See of Manchester.

So much for the general need of an increase to the episcopate. The special wants of London are another consideration. In the first place, there is a precedent in favour of dividing this see, as the diocese of Westminster was the sixth and short-lived bishopric of HENRY'S VIII.'s creation. Further, as regards population, the two millions and a-half of souls in London and its suburbs may undoubtedly be said to substantiate a sufficient claim for two, if not for half-a-dozen Bishops. There is, however, another aspect under which diocesan needs must be regarded. Population is not the only test of the necessity for a Bishop. The number of clergy whom a prelate has to superintend, and the accessibility of different parts of the diocese, are points of much consequence in deciding upon the grounds for dividing a see. In London, there are about 340 benefices, and 260 curates—all, however, compactly situated. In Winchester, the clergy are 800—in Exeter, nearly as many—in Lincoln, there are more than 1000—in Norwich, there are 1200—in Rochester, there are 800, nearly all of whom are separated from their Bishop by the trifling obstruction of the Thames at the Nore. Under this aspect, it certainly cannot be said that the especial claims of London are paramount, or, at all events, exclusive. Again, the metropolis has a moral and political unity which might reasonably be accompanied by a corresponding spiritual solidarity. Taking London as it is, with its extant clergy, and considering that they have easier access to their Bishop than is possible in any other diocese, we might conceive a stronger case to be made out for the creation of a see at Bodmin or at St. Albans.

If, however, the Church of England is to advance, and to take an aggressive part against the irreligion and heathenism of London—and if a Bishop is necessary, or even useful, in stimulating the clergy, in conciliating the laity, and in organizing schemes for good—then there can be no question that London requires not only two prelates, but many more than two. A writer in the columns of a daily contemporary seems to think that a Bishop of London is not the sun of the system. Two Bishops, he suggests, will be ornamental rather than practical. But all experience has shown that the law of increase in the Church is, "Multiply the Bishops, and the clergy will multiply themselves." It is so in the Colonies, and in the United States. The Church is self-extending. Clergy cluster round a Bishop; and in some of the British dependencies, they have been tripled, quadrupled, and even quintupled by the mere fact of setting a Bishop

over them. It is notorious that the want of London is not a deficiency of churches—for there are plenty, and too many of them empty—but of clergymen. A recent article in the *Times* tells us that there is no bond of union between the London incumbent and his parish—that the inhabitants are not visited, and that the Bishop and his influence are unappreciated. How far this is true, the writer may have especial means of knowing. He may be one living much in society, clerical or other—he may be himself personally familiar with the clergy and their works—he may have dived into courts and alleys, and have registered all sorts of clerical shortcomings. But, if we are to judge from the mere tone of the article, it seems rather that his line is to grumble. Being in a false or uncomfortable position himself, he thinks that everybody else is equally out of his place, and equally untrue to his own convictions and disloyal to his own sense of duty. He says that the London clergy are strangers to their people; and he writes like one who knows that his duty is in one place, and his occupation in another. Uncomfortable himself, he cannot but imagine everybody else to be equally restless and equally out of place. Being quite certain that his own diary will hardly bear his own examination, he suggests that the clergy should keep journals, to be overhauled by the Bishops, or by a Parish Inspector, appointed by the Home Office *ad hoc*. Will the growler-general accept our assurance that this is the very bathos of his calling? Even if we were to admit all his facts, and to assume that a Bishop is only a telescopic star, and that all the clergy of London are mere idlers and loungers, the project upon which he comments, and which he disparages—namely, the division of the See of London—must, by the mere laws of arithmetic, tend at least to remedy the evil. If one Bishop is lost in the vortex of the metropolis, perhaps two might make themselves felt. If four hundred clergymen do nothing, or next to nothing, in impressing a character of religion on the population, try six hundred. Anyhow, a new metropolitan Bishop will bring some numerical reinforcement to the clerical idlers who at present infest our schools, our churches, our hospitals, our infirmaries, our sick-rooms, and even our dining-rooms. If our present staff is inefficient, we may as well try what an augmentation of it will do. And though the Ecclesiastes of the day, the preachers' preacher, the *episcopus episcoporum*, assures us that all will be vanity, and that we shall only be adding to a rope of sand, the experiment is, after all, worth the trial—especially when it is remembered that, however much the clergy may be “public servants,” this increase in the servants' hall, including the addition of a Bishop of Westminster, will not cost the country one sixty thousandth part of a penny. Surely, if the Church finds, or fancies, it expedient to double the number of her bishops, she may fairly claim, so long as the country is not called to pay for them, the same freedom in the management of her affairs which is enjoyed by the Wesleyan Conference.

#### THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK.

THERE are two roads to ruin which are always open to joint-stock Directors who are anxious to bring the concerns entrusted to their management to a premature close. They may either put their constituents' cash into their own pockets, like JOHN SADLEIR; or they may make ducks and drakes of it, after the fashion of certain assurance offices whose large-handed expenditure we have had occasion to notice. The result is the same, whichever course is followed, and the property of the shareholders is exhausted with equal success, and almost equal celerity, whether their Directors are too clever or too simple. We need not go far to find plenty of examples of both these methods of depletion; but, until the late exposure of the affairs of the Royal British Bank, we do not remember to have met with an instance of the perfect combination of cleverness and simplicity. The Board had its clever members, who shared the spoil, and its simple members, who not only got nothing themselves, but were profoundly ignorant of the game which their colleagues were playing. The direction was divided, like the assurers in quasi-mutual offices, into participating and non-participating members. In one transaction, indeed, even the smart manager himself, and the directors who shared his confidence, displayed a certain amiable truthfulness of character. Whatever may be Mr. CAMERON's feelings for the unfortunate victims of the Royal British Bubble, he must be enduring bitter

pangs of self-reproach for the incredible folly with which he sunk, in a wild mining speculation, more than 100,000*l.* of good money, which he might just as well have appropriated to the wants of himself and his friends on the Board. To do the clever party justice, however, we are bound to admit that this was almost the only one of the losses of the Bank which brought no advantage to anybody, and we can only explain it by supposing that the manager was for once infected by the contagious simplicity of the non-participating section of the Board.

By the Chairman's own account of the matter, it seems that the expenditure on the Welsh mining concern grew out of one of the earliest transactions of the Bank. On the recommendation of “one of the first commercial authorities in the City of London,” a credit of 9000*l.* was given “to parties of the name of DRUMMELER and SCALES.” Upon the strength of the same recommendation, a few thousands more were added to the debt without any security—not even the guarantee of “the first commercial authority.” Then came “the first irregularity in these parties' paper”—in other words, the sum which had been advanced, and which amounted to a quarter of the paid-up capital of the Bank, turned out to be a bad debt. Collateral securities were demanded and given. The directors thought them sufficient, but “of course,” as the Chairman says, “this turned out to be an error.” Even at this stage of the matter, the idea of refusing further loans seems never to have occurred to the Board; and as if the Bank had been under an imperious necessity to go on throwing good money after bad, Mr. ESDAILE triumphantly asks what the directors were to do when their advances had reached to 19,000*l.* or 20,000*l.*? What they did was to take certain iron-works in liquidation of the debt. No profit was to be got out of the iron, but, “providentially, as the directors thought,” the property comprised an inaccessible coal-mine, which it was judiciously considered expedient to work. This hopeful speculation, however, swallowed up the capital of the bank faster even than the defaulting debtors had done. It was soon found advisable to get rid of the works, and a Mr. CLARKE took them in hand on terms which the directors do not think proper to specify. Whatever they were, Mr. CLARKE soon got tired of his bargain, and returned the property on the hands of the Bank, with the comforting assurance, however, that he was throwing up a large fortune. This was quite enough encouragement to the sanguine directors, who, not content with holding a worthless security, actually raised their expenditure to 70,000*l.* or 80,000*l.*, by buying in subsequent mortgages and purchasing the equity of redemption of the “providential” property. This was in 1853, when the called-up capital of the Bank was only 50,000*l.* In the next two years, some 30,000*l.* more was lost in working the mines—thus raising the whole expenditure on this one account to more than 106,000*l.*

If this amazing piece of folly had been the only drawback to the prosperity of the Bank, it is probable that Mr. CAMERON's management might have staved off the impending insolvency. He knew how to use the ever-ready resource of a large dividend and a prosperity balance-sheet. A demand for fresh capital was explained by the rapid growth of business. Depositors were plied with seductive circulars, in which Mr. CAMERON represented how grievously they would be neglecting their best interests if they did not avail themselves of the privilege of becoming shareholders in so prosperous a concern. The manœuvre was perfectly successful, and the Bank was soon in possession of an additional capital of 100,000*l.*, which would have sufficed to retrieve its affairs, had the Welsh speculation been the only difficulty. But the Royal British Bank was an institution which had been founded for the purpose of affording a larger measure of accommodation than London bankers were in the habit of granting; and it seems very soon to have occurred to its promoters that they were entitled to the lion's share of the advantage which was to result to the community from the principle which they had been the means of introducing. Accordingly, we find Mr. M'GREGOR, one of its principal founders, accommodating himself with 7362*l.* The manager assisted his own enterprises with about 30,000*l.*, and succeeded in inducing himself, in his official capacity, to accept as security a deposit of certain deeds and policies which might have realized a few thousand pounds if they had not been previously pledged to other creditors. But these transactions were quite eclipsed by the grand scale on which Mr. HUMPHREY BROWN, M.P., carried out the new system in his own



behalf; for he managed to secure no less than 70,908*l*. Mr. JOHN GWYNNE, also a director, showed his appreciation of the principles of the Bank by taking a modest credit of 13,640*l*. The other directors, if they ever had any part of the booty, have paid off their debts; but the solicitor, Mr. MULLINS, was allowed to have 7000*l*., and by way of securing a fair and impartial balance-sheet, one of the auditors was accommodated with 2000*l*. Next to directors and officers, their friends and connexions had obviously the best claim on the boundless generosity of the Bank, and the result has been, that the total losses arising from advances to such privileged debtors reach the pleasant amount of about 170,000*l*. In the report of the accountant who has been called in to examine the books, all these debts are assumed to be hopelessly bad. It is always so in these cases. No one can ever tell what becomes of misappropriated money. Not a hint has yet been given of the way in which JOHN SADLER got through the enormous sums which his plunder realized, except the strange hypothesis that he completed his series of fictitious transactions by a fictitious death, and decamped with his booty to the backwoods of America. We shall probably never know what Mr. HUMPHREY BROWN or Mr. CAMERON did with the 100,000*l*. which they divided between them; but we may be tolerably sure that it will not find its way back to the pockets of the shareholders and depositors. There is no doubt that the money is gone; and as a concern which was losing by its regular business upwards of 20,000*l*. per annum, besides paying handsome dividends, could not be expected long to support such vigorous demands as its directors made upon it, it is perhaps as well that it came to an end while it had as much as ten shillings in the pound towards the liquidation of its liabilities.

If the dishonesty of directors were anything new, it might be worth while to warn the unfortunates who are afflicted with a mania for shares against their dangerous fancy. But a homily on commercial prudence is forgotten as soon as a sermon, and experience has shown that the credulity of shareholders will always keep pace with the frauds of directors. Moreover, if universal suspicion were engendered, it would fall as heavily upon sound as upon unsound companies, and would perhaps destroy the efficiency of all associated enterprise. There is but one effectual way of enforcing a stricter practice on the part of directors, and that is by bringing the criminal law to bear upon offenders. Some check might, indeed, be exercised by one director upon another, where they are not all in league together; and in this case of the Royal British Bank, those directors who seem to have had no share in the malversations of their comrades might, if they had done their duty, have averted the misfortune. Their excuses are very instructive. Mr. Alderman KENNEDY thinks it sufficient to say that he had confidence up to the last. Mr. GILLOTT had discovered improper transactions as early as 1852, but contented himself with a feeble opposition to the then proposed dividend. Mr. OWEN, a former director, after he had found out the debt of 70,000*l*. contracted by his colleague, Mr. BROWN, took no active steps, "thinking that it would be a delicate thing to touch the interests of such an institution." Directors are too apt to forget that they have other duties to perform besides that of receiving their allowance. Men are not put at the head of a company to show unreasoning confidence, but to exercise vigilance. Yet these gentlemen went on for years in utter ignorance of the business transacted by their manager; and even after discovering the frauds that had been practised, they tell us that they still remained in the dark as to the actual position of the Bank, and that they have been as much deceived as any of the shareholders. Such neglect is the surest encouragement to fraud, and, though less culpable, is scarcely less dangerous. It would be idle to waste words on Mr. CAMERON and men of that stamp, but it may be possible to impress upon easy-going directors the grievous breach of duty which they commit in suffering themselves to be ignorant of the affairs which they undertake to manage. It is not often that every member of a board is a rogue, and if the honest exercised due vigilance, we should see fewer of such calamitous and disgraceful occurrences as the failure of the Royal British Bank.

#### LEGAL EDUCATION.

IN the correspondence on the subject of Legal Education which has recently filled the autumnal pages of the *Leading Journal*, it is our impression that less than justice has been done both to the experiment now pending, and to

its authors. The system in operation consists of two parts—of machinery for extending and improving legal education generally, and of criteria for testing the fitness of the student for the status of a practitioner. So far as regards the first set of improvements, we believe that the results have been eminently satisfactory. It would be great injustice to the English Bar to suppose that it consists exclusively of men who, when training for their profession, were perfectly satisfied with the modes of preparation which they were forced to follow. It is likely that a large number of law students were always only half persuaded that jurisprudence was a science in which principles ought to be decried and neglected, and in which practical applications had alone a claim on the attention. Such persons are now no longer compelled to smother their doubts, and we imagine that the new arrangements of the Inns of Court, though they can only be looked upon as the germ of an efficient system, are already forming a race of lawyers who will prove to differ from the elder generation in many important particulars. The amelioration, however, is not one in which the lay public is conscious of its interest. The public discontent fastens on the alternative mode of admission to the Bar—by attendance at lectures, or by passing an examination—and our journals exhaust themselves in ridiculing a state of things which permits a candidate for the Bar to escape the more stringent test by slumbering through a couple of hours twice a week. But it is not quite fair to argue from this absurdity that the Inns of Court never honestly intended to effect a change in legal education, or that the machinery which they created was merely a minimum of improvement grudgingly conceded to clamour. Probably their error consisted in paying little or no regard to the class of young men who will only work under the pressure of an examination. The English law has been, for two centuries, looked upon as a profession in which the prizes and honours belonged of right to voluntary exertion; and, if they provided facilities for the better instruction of the active and energetic, the Benchers of the Inns of Court were very likely to consider themselves excused from seriously applying the whip and spur to the ruck of nominal lawyers which has always hung about the skirts of our Bar.

The necessity for a compulsory examination has in truth been imposed on the Inns of Court more by the language of certain statutes than by the inherent needs of the law. A vast number of public offices are now confined by Act of Parliament to Barristers of five, seven, or ten years' standing. Some sort of qualification is evidently implied by these words, and there is clearly a duty in somebody to ascertain that the qualification exists. The bigots of the no-education system assert, of course, that the obligation rests exclusively on the Government which confers the appointments. They tell us that the Home or Colonial Secretary is bound to know that Barrister-at-Law means nothing whatever, and that professional success ought to determine the selection of the Barrister as much as it does the preferment of the solicitor or attorney. But, to put aside all other considerations, it is really impossible for the Minister, in nine cases out of ten, to guide himself by the professional status of the candidates who solicit the offices in his gift. Nine-tenths of these offices are much too petty and too poorly remunerated to tempt the successful barrister; and the incumbents have to be selected from those members of the profession who have no briefs at all, or who have not yet reached that point in the practitioner's career at which it becomes possible to distinguish the relative of the attorney from the man of genuine power. The practical result is, that the Minister either perpetrates a job, which is completely sheltered by the words of the Act of Parliament, or else he falls back on the most wretched and delusive of all modes of selection—the comparison of testimonials. On the other hand, the Inns of Court can only get rid of the imputation of neglect of duty by admitting the absolute nullity and uselessness of their principal function. If, by creating Barristers-at-Law, they perform an act which has no significance or importance whatever, it is an inevitable inference that they ought to be deprived as soon as possible of the power of performing it. It is a public misfortune that any body of men should have the privilege of conferring a designation which, though according to their own construction it has no meaning at all, has nevertheless a very distinct meaning in the ears of the public, if only from the associations which it carries with it. The Inns of Court may be able to improve legal education without a compulsory examination, but they cannot

without it save themselves from the reproach of practising a dangerous imposition.

It is understood, in professional circles, that the Inns of Court are likely to recognise the obligation which is implied by the very nature of their public acts, and that the policy of establishing a compulsory examination is being actively discussed by the governing body in each corporation. The general belief is, that three of the four Inns have already agreed to subject law students to some test of knowledge, but that one Inn of Court—unfortunately the richest and most powerful of all—repudiates the change, and prevents common action. It is not improbable that the dissentient corporation does not itself quite comprehend the character of the improvement demanded of it by public opinion. All the arguments which we ever heard directed against the compulsory test proceeded evidently on the assumption that it was intended to substitute success in examination for success in practice as a title to promotion and honour. But, as the *Times* very judiciously reminds us, the question of the expediency of giving a greater sphere to Honour Examinations is quite distinct from the question of instituting a mode of ascertaining that candidates for the bar have acquired a certain minimum of knowledge. We want to be absolutely sure that Barristers-at-Law are not grossly incapable. We want to be sure that the conveyancing nephew of our family solicitor will not blunder us out of our estate. We want to be sure that stipendiary magistrates and colonial recorders have something more precise than instinct to guide them. We should even be glad to be convinced that the country gentleman who makes himself a barrister in order to become a leading magistrate or chairman of Quarter Sessions has really some tincture of legal knowledge. This is the very class in whose supposed interest a compulsory examination is generally deprecated, but no class in truth stands in greater need of it. If any order of Englishmen ought, more than another, to be furnished with the principles of legal science, it is that which, in the eyes of the vast majority of our population, is the representative of sovereign authority, and on whose administration of justice it depends whether our law shall be looked upon as a beneficent system, or as an engine of cruelty, inconsistency, and caprice.

#### CONVICTS AND THEIR TREATMENT.

THE Select Committee on Transportation, to a portion of whose Resolutions we recently directed attention, have thrown new light on several facts which forcibly suggest the necessity of a Minister of Justice in this country. The duties of such a functionary, which every other nation deems of sufficient importance to require the undivided time and energies of an experienced officer of the highest rank, are with us left to the scanty leisure, the wearied brain, and the general intelligence of an overworked Secretary of State. Other nations regard the task of managing criminals and repressing crime as one which demands the *whole* of a special mind; while we consider it adequately provided for by a *fragment* of an average mind. Other nations, in theory and intent at least, select for this difficult and peculiar function a person who has made it his paramount study—who has watched the practice, and grasped the philosophy, of this branch of administrative science. We, on the other hand, entrust it to—or rather suffer it to devolve upon—an individual who, however miscellaneously clever, has no special aptitude for its performance, who has never manifested any special comprehension of its nature, and who, indeed, is placed at the head of the Home Office by the exigencies or the chances of political combinations. Yet few countries, if any, have so much wealth to guard from depredation, so high and complicated a civilization to protect from outrage or contamination, and so numerous and ramified a criminal population to control, to eradicate, to disperse, or to reform. We do not wish to be severe upon the present occupant of the Home Office, and still less would we be unjust to him; but it is obvious that such a work as the supervision of crime and punishment in the British Isles demands more than the odds and ends of any man's time, and more than the side-strokes and casual flashes of any man's intelligence. It may be no heavy reproach to Sir GEORGE GREY that he has not mastered the subject, or that he has committed blunders into which no one who really comprehended even the main principles of that branch of administration *could* have fallen; but it is a matter of reproach to him that he was unconscious of his own ignorance and inexperience, or

that, if conscious of his deficiencies, he did not long ago insist upon devolving the serious functions to which he is inadequate upon some more competent or less occupied Minister.

A Minister of Justice could never have originated, or passed over, or tolerated, that strange combination of errors known by the name of the "ticket-of-leave" system. The first conception of the system was not bad, and it had, indeed, much to recommend it; but the mode in which it has been carried out displays a truly marvellous want of good sense and good faith. Parliament sanctioned the principle; but Parliament, even in the Dog-days, could never have been persuaded to sanction the practice. The public was given to understand that those convicts only would be liberated on license whose behaviour in confinement had satisfied the authorities that they might be liberated with safety; yet it now appears in evidence that every convict has received a ticket-of-leave at the expiration of a certain period, unless he had been so outrageous and refractory in prison as to make it necessary to punish him by a prolongation of his term. Liberation on license has been the almost invariable rule, instead of being the special and *motivé* exception. Liberation as Parliament understood it, was a boon to be earned by the unusually well-conducted criminal; but, as Sir GEORGE GREY and Colonel JEBB have made it, it has been a privilege to be withheld only from the unusually villainous and hardened. Nor is this all. Liberation on license unquestionably meant, in the intent of the Legislature, something very different from unconditional liberation. The very form of the license itself proved this. It was endorsed with the specific declaration—which was at once a promise to the public and a warning to the criminal—that if the holder relapsed into evil courses, or frequented bad company, or gave reason for believing that he was not living by honest industry, the license would be revoked, and the convict remanded, without waiting for his commission of any actual crime, still less for actual trial and conviction. In no one instance, however, has this promise been kept, or this menace carried into effect. The evidence before the Committee is conclusive on this point. In fact, it is proved that the faith thus pledged to the public *could not* have been kept—that liberation on license has been, and could not fail to be, practically identical with unconditional liberation—and that the fancied security held out to the community was as complete and conscious a deception as the fancied supervision held in *terrorem* over the culprit. The ticket-of-leave men could not be *surveillés*, nor could their licenses be revoked in the event of their falling into vicious habits, for the simple reason that they were only casually and occasionally known to the police. In promising to keep an eye upon them, and a hold over them, the authorities promised what they had no means of performing, and what they made no attempt to perform. For example, the Recorder of Birmingham, who took unusual pains to get at the truth, informed the Committee that there must have been eighty ticket-of-leave men in that town—that the police thought they knew of forty—that, after diligent search they gave him the names of nineteen—and that, of these nineteen, *five* turned out not to be ticket-of-leave men at all! The truth is, as we explained some time ago, that neither, as regards the public, nor the police, nor the magistrat nor Colonel JEBB, nor Sir GEORGE GREY, is there any traceable distinction whatever between the man who is out on license and the man whose term of punishment is legally at an end—between the *liberado* and the *expirée*.

But this is not the only point in which the Resolutions of the Committee justify our former statements on this subject. Every one remembers the excitement which disturbed the public mind in the course of last spring, in consequence of various heinous offences daily committed by liberated criminals. A few of these offenders were ticket-of-leave men; but by far the larger number were men whose terms of imprisonment or penal servitude had expired by mere efflux of time. All, however, were confounded, in the hasty panic of the day, under the general denomination of ticket-of-leave men. The public jumped to the conclusion that, but for the Act of 1853, none of these individuals would have been at large; and, indignant at the deception which they now discovered had been practised upon them, they clamoured loudly for the abolition of the licensing system. And Sir GEORGE GREY, who must have known better—and who ought to have acted more justly, more wisely, and more courageously—acquiesced in the popular delusion, instead of dissipating it, and bowed before



the popular clamour, instead of braving it. In defiance of common sense and common loyalty to an implied engagement, he suddenly issued an order that no more licenses should be granted to men under sentence of penal servitude, but that all offenders, whatever their conduct might have been in prison, should undergo their full term of detention.

The effect of this inconsiderate and unfair ukase—the injustice and impolicy of which we exposed at the time—was two-fold. It operated retrospectively and prospectively. Magistrates had been sentencing criminals to terms of five and six years' penal servitude, under the impression—which impression they communicated to the prisoners by way both of warning and encouragement—that good conduct in gaol would shorten these periods to three and four years respectively. That is to say, acting under the law as then interpreted and carried out, they sentenced prisoners nominally to the longer term, knowing that the men could, and convinced that they would, reduce it, by their own good conduct, to a virtual and actual sentence for the shorter period. The effect of Sir GEORGE GREY's announcement was, therefore, to increase the severity of all these sentences by 30 or 40 per cent. As soon, therefore, as his decision was ascertained to be final, Mr. HILL, the Recorder of Birmingham, as an act of common justice, applied to the SECRETARY OF STATE for a mitigation of sentence in 159 cases; and, as the plea was irresistible, his application was, of course, complied with. We need scarcely comment on the gross absurdity of the practical result—namely, that the mitigation, in all these cases, was *without reference to the behaviour or reformation of the prisoners*, instead of being made wholly dependent upon that one essential condition.

The prospective operation of the rash and hasty order in question was, and is, still more deplorable. Governors of gaols, police officers, and visiting magistrates, all concur in depicting its mischievous results, and urging its immediate repeal. They allege that, since its promulgation, it has been almost impossible to keep order among convicts. All motive to obedience and good behaviour is gone. It has been authoritatively announced to them that, however exemplary may be their conduct, it will not have the effect of abridging the term of their confinement by a single day; whilst, on the other hand, the grossest misbehaviour, so long as they are not guilty of any actual crime, will not prolong it. In short, they have been told that their power of influencing their own fate is wholly withdrawn. The consequences are such as might have been foreseen by any one but a Secretary of State, too busy to reflect on the subject, and too little conversant with it to comprehend the effects of his measures without reflection. A Minister of Justice could scarcely, by any inadvertence, have fallen into so glaring a blunder.

#### THE TEACHING OF COMMON THINGS.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS, as most of our readers are aware, has exerted herself with great earnestness and judgment in carrying out the admirable and fruitful idea first suggested by Lord Ashburton, when, some two or three years ago, he urged the importance of making a knowledge of "Common Things," a part of our ordinary school education for the poor. She has bestowed prizes on those mistresses and pupil-teachers who, at an examination, were most successful in showing practically how this object may be achieved; and she has published a selection from the answers, which is now before us.\* There is much in these answers that is worth noticing. We gain from them some knowledge of the capabilities of our present class of school-mistresses, and we obtain some really valuable hints as to the course to be pursued, if the poor are to be taught what is most useful to them in daily life. The mistresses examined all belonged to the county of Middlesex, and we suppose, therefore, that they are rather above the average in point of ability and information. If we had many such teachers as the answers of the best candidates show them to be, it would be comparatively easy to introduce any improvement that might be desired into the teaching of the poor. But there must be a beginning in all things, and it is very proper that the metropolitan county should set the example.

The questions proposed by Miss Burdett Coutts were arranged under six heads. They had reference to the subjects of food, clothes, household arrangements generally, the duties of servants, the management of children, and the treatment of the sick. First, the candidates were asked to describe any approach that had been made, in the schools under their direction, to the teaching of Common Things. The mistress whose name stands

first in the list of the gainers of prizes may be taken as an example of the success which has already rewarded Miss Coutts's efforts; and every one who reads her replies must feel that a great step will have been gained when the general run of schools is on a level with that described. It is the school of Christ Church, St. Pancras, and probably the conveniences of the building and the resources of the establishment are much above the average; but in order to see what is practicable, we may fitly take the best actual instance as a standard to which to raise the ordinary level. There is in this school a gallery, where practical lessons are given in cooking, purchasing meats, groceries, and vegetables, and in servants' work in general; and a certain number of girls are appointed every week to clean the school-room and its passages. In the winter, when there is a fire in the schoolroom, the children are taught to keep the range in order, to cook their potatoes, and warm what they have brought for their own dinner. Needlework is taught in the afternoon. We are not surprised to learn that these things are at all times most interesting to the children; and the mistress has the satisfaction of knowing, on the testimony of parents, that they have carried what they have learnt to their own homes, to the great benefit of themselves and their friends.

Here, indeed, is at least the beginning of all that we could wish to see taught. Passing over the habits of cleanliness, order, and economy which are sure to be instilled in such a training, we may observe that this mode of instruction makes a very commendable attempt to teach the poor the two things in common life which they most want to know—viz., what to buy, and how to make the best of what is bought. Children may be taught, under such a system, the price of all ordinary articles of food and clothing, the exact use and relative value of each article, and how to make out and cast up bills. The poor immensely increase the burden of their poverty by making bad purchases. They insist on having the mixture of alum and potatoes which is called "best bakers' bread"—they strive to imitate the outward appearance of the upper classes, and, with their scanty savings, buy flimsy silk dresses which will hardly stand an hour's rain. It must surely be possible for a schoolmistress to explain to them, while yet young and impressionable, that to buy such things is to throw money away, and that, if their object is the very foolish one of aping the rich, success is quite beyond their reach. They ought to be told that the white bread they buy is neither wholesome nor nutritious, and that shabby imitations of finery furnish the most unimposing costume possible. The folly of purchasers is one great cause of the adulteration and deterioration of all articles of common use in these days. If the poor did but know what was the most useful article which could be purchased for their money, and if they had been taught to recognise it when they saw it, there would be much better commodities exhibited for sale in the small shops. It would be quite possible to keep, at every school, samples of the best quality of all goods really fitted for the use of the poor, and to teach the price which must be paid for them. At first, there might be a difficulty in obtaining goods of the description desired at the neighbouring shops; but the demand would soon create the supply. We find that, with regard to dress, several of the mistresses say that, in teaching needlework, they draw the attention of their pupils to the quality and cost of all ordinary materials; and there is no reason why this kind of teaching should not be carried much further, and extended to every article of domestic consumption.

Equally important is it that the poor should know what to do with the articles they have purchased. Needlework, which is not nearly sufficiently attended to in ordinary English schools, will, if it is well taught, and made to include the arts of cutting-out and mending, comprise all that need be known with reference to clothing. But a still more important desideratum with the English poor is a practical acquaintance with the proper mode of treating articles of food. The knowledge of cooking in this country, except among professed cooks, is at zero. Persons on the Continent, in the same station of life with our poor, can cook. Any German maid, for instance, can make coffee. In England, it is next to impossible to get well-made coffee, even in families of comfortable means. The deluded wife of an artisan, who has four or five shillings a-week to spend on meat, goes to a butcher's, and innocently buys a few pounds off the best joints, which she submits to the action of fire in the simplest way, and then, adding a few ill-boiled potatoes, she has done all she can towards a dinner. If she possessed the bare rudiments of cookery, she might provide, for the same or less money, an abundance and variety of the most palatable dishes. Every one who knows the Continent is aware of what a French or a German woman could do with five shillings a-week to spend on meat, and a proportionate sum for vegetables. Why should not Englishwomen be taught to cook? There are difficulties in the way of teaching the art in schools, but they might be surmounted. One of the first requisites for this instruction is, that it should not be taught on too large a scale. Little would be learnt by permission to attend and watch the cooking at large institutions, because the machinery is of so costly a kind, and the operations are altogether so extensive, that a girl would see little that could be practically useful to the inhabitant of a cottage. The first step is to have the schoolmistresses, while still at their training-schools, taught cookery—not the cookery which is a distant and hopeless imitation of that of a

\* A Summary Account of Prizes for Common Things offered and awarded by Miss Burdett Coutts at the Whitelands Training Institution, 1855-56. London: Hatchard.

rich man's kitchen, but the cookery that is within reach of the poor. Then these schoolmistresses might instruct the elder girls in turn, taking two or three a day. We think it would be found that, in all districts where wages are good, the parents of the few elder girls would be willing to pay an additional sum per week, if dinner were provided for their children. But even if this could not be obtained, the money of the charitable supporters of schools could not be better expended than in giving some opportunities, however limited, for this kind of instruction. After religious instruction, and instruction in reading and writing are secured, we do not see that any teaching is so important to the poor as one which would enable them to lay out their wages advantageously. And we have had ample proof that such teaching must be given while the learners are young. Benevolent ladies have often tried the effect of visiting the poor and giving instruction in cookery, but their success has been very small. By the time that a poor woman has a house of her own, and is the mother of a family, she has got to think her old ways the best, and to find great difficulty in learning any other. We can easily understand that there is something very aggravating to a cottager in having a well-dressed comfortable-looking busybody come and peep into the saucepan and abuse the projected dinner. At school, however, girls would be very glad to learn; and the mistress is not too far above their own class to be able to teach effectually.

On the answers to the other questions proposed to the candidates by Miss Coutts, we need not make any special remark, except on those referring to the remedies to be adopted in cases of simple illnesses and unimportant accidents. We are told in the preface, that the answers given generally contained much plain and sound information, and that, in the published replies, all this information has been put together, and the mistakes pointed out, with the kind assistance of a medical gentleman. We are further told that the answers strongly suggested that no lessons ought to be given by the younger teachers on these subjects except in writing, and with the approval of the school-mistress. If proper precautions were taken—if the mistresses were furnished with a book, written in simple language, by a man of authority and eminence in the medical profession—a most valuable kind of instruction might be afforded; and many diseases might be arrested in their commencement, which, owing to the ignorant recklessness of the poor, are now allowed to proceed from bad to worse, causing much misery and premature death. What is especially wanted is, to teach the poor to distinguish between those illnesses in which the attendance of a doctor is absolutely necessary, and those where a simple remedy, promptly and skilfully applied, is sufficient. Presence of mind, perception of symptoms, readiness in lending assistance, are, indeed, qualities which cannot be directly taught, and on which, nevertheless, the recovery of a patient must very often depend; but a slight knowledge of medicine can be imparted, and, so far as it goes, it must be an advantage. It must be remembered that the poor have a thousand foolish remedies handed down to them by tradition, on which they spend their money and their time; and, therefore, to substitute efficacious remedies is a clear gain to them. If they simply left nature alone, until symptoms of manifest danger induced them to send for a physician, it might often be the best course they could take; but it is not in uninstructed humanity to trust to nature. The poor have, in the first instance, recourse to some mixture equally abominable and useless, and it is only when that fails that they procure advice. A little sound instruction might also set them on their guard against quack medicines, and might make them understand the absurdity of imagining that a pill, made probably of paste, is a cure equally certain for gout, indigestion, and consumption.

As we pass from the better to the inferior answers, we find that, instead of practical hints, we get vague generalities and moral platitudes. We anticipate, therefore, that instruction in common things will be as useful to the teachers as to the taught, and that it will improve the mistress as much as the scholars. We see that, when a mistress has nothing else to say, she goes off into comments upon the true use of education, and the duties of the poor. The cleverest, best, and wisest teachers are the most practical. The less able and sensible ones are inclined to talk about common things, not to teach them. Those who superintend schools, and especially those who are anxious to promote the teaching of Common Things, may learn something from this. They must make the mistress act, teach practically, do the thing to be done, and set an example—not prate about it, and make "moral and religious reflections" about it. People who do their work effectually in any rank of life are not very apt to indulge in moral and religious reflections, and the habit may almost always be taken as an index, not of goodness or piety, but of poverty of thought and weakness of will. We notice this, because we see, in the framing of these questions, a slight tendency to encourage mistresses in this useless habit. We may be sure that a good woman will make her goodness felt and loved by her scholars, and will give a right direction to their thoughts, without calling on her for "sentiment." We have given the result to be obtained from the answer of one of the best of the mistresses examined. As a contrast, we will give that of an inferior one. The two are worth comparing—the one is all work, and the other is all words:—

I teach the elder girls to be tidy by getting them to attend to little matters, such as keeping inkstands clean, dusting maps, repairing books,

and keeping boxes and slates in order, and this they now perform very satisfactorily.

I give object-lessons very frequently, that they may know where most things come from, and the uses to which they are applied. This is, I think, the best way to impart a knowledge of common things.

It is well to know that our warm flannel at one time clothed the sheep; that at a certain period of the year the animal is shorn of his coat; that this is cleaned, spun, and wove for our use;—that our shoes at one time were the covering of the calf;—that our gowns, and other cotton garments, were growing in the vast plains of America;—that the coals which give comfort and brightness to our firesides were hidden in the bowels of the earth.

Finally, all education has but one object—that is, to fit us "so to pass through things temporal, that we may not lose things eternal."

#### MASTERS AND OPERATIVES.

THE Parliamentary Report on Masters and Operatives is a rather discreditable specimen of a modern Blue Book. It belongs to a kind which annually becomes more common. Some member who is interested in a particular question gets a Committee appointed, which is generally a very easy matter to accomplish; and the working of the Committee is left almost entirely to his care. He or his friends select the witnesses; and the value of the Report depends in a great degree on who those witnesses are. In a great many instances, they have either nothing to say, or are so obviously prejudiced as to render all their statements open to suspicion. But when the evidence is over, the Committee are supposed to report on it. Here we might expect to have the kernel of the whole—a statement of the difficulties, the general bearing, and the history of the subject, a discussion of the different remedies possible or proposed, and at last, a selection of some practicable scheme, with the reasons which have led to the selection. Where the subject is of a character sufficiently important to induce men of experience and ability to take an active part in the working of the Committee, this is the kind of Report we really get; but when no great interest is felt on the matter, the Report is apt to be of the most slovenly kind. No one will learn anything worth learning from the document before us. It only tells us that a certain number of members of Parliament have come to a certain conclusion; but why they came to it, or what is the state of things about which they have taken counsel, or what is the object at which they wish to arrive, we are left to imagine. The case happens to be exactly one in which a well-written Report would have been really valuable, because the subject of Councils of Conciliation is little understood and little thought of in England; and if it is desirable to introduce them, no better step could be taken than to divulge information with regard to them through the authoritative medium of a Parliamentary Committee. It is impossible to avoid suspecting that the members of the Committee saw the difficulties with which they had to grapple, but felt unable to deal with them, and therefore contented themselves with uttering the safe and prudent generalisation that "the attention of the Legislature might with advantage be directed to the subject of this inquiry."

There is, we think, a vague notion that Courts of Conciliation would act in some such way as this:—When masters and operatives fell out—when the masters wished to get more work for their money, or the men more money for their work—the Conciliatory Court would sit and hear the arguments of the respective sides, and at last announce a fair, satisfactory, and binding decision, by which both parties would be forced to abide. This, we may be sure, is a perfect illusion. Trade could not go on for an hour if such a tribunal had real power. But it could not have any power. The defeated master would have the easy remedy of closing his factory—the defeated workman would leave at the end of the week. No Court of Conciliation could arrange the terms of future contracts, for the parties would not enter into them. The French *Conseils des Prudhommes* offer no parallel whatever—they are merely a peculiar tribunal for the adjudication of differences arising out of past contracts. If a French workman in Lyons thinks his master has deducted too much from his pay for alleged bad workmanship, or if the master thinks his workman has not accounted for all the raw material he received, recourse is had to the *Conseil des Prudhommes*. In England, the disputants must go to the County Courts. The question, viewed in this light, merely comes to asking whether the County Courts do all that is wanted, or whether a cheaper tribunal, or one where a larger body of judges should unite the functions of jury to that of the County Court judge, ought to be created. It is obvious that such a proposition is one that needs great deliberation—that it deeply affects the whole legal system of the country, and requires a machinery very difficult to devise, and still more difficult to create. The jurisdiction of the *Conseils des Prudhommes* is strictly confined to particular towns, and often to certain specified trades in those towns. The exact parallel would be to enact that all disputes arising in the course of business among the lace-makers of Nottingham should be settled by an elective Board, composed of persons acquainted with the trade, and resident in the town. Supposing there were no other considerations except that of comparative fitness, we should have to strike a balance between the better acquaintance with the circumstances and customs of the trade possessed by the Board, and the wider experience, the practised intellect, and the legal habits of the County Court judge. But it would be very difficult to decide in what cases these Boards should exercise their exceptional jurisdiction, even if the balance were pronounced



in their favour. We should have to multiply them infinitely. The Committee propose that, on application being made to the Secretary of State, he should have power to license a Board of Arbitration to act within a district, and that the Board, immediately on the granting of the license, should "be invested with power to decide all questions relating to existing contracts which might be brought before it, and to enforce its decisions." Now if this is to be interpreted by the analogy of the *Conseils des Prudhommes*, it would mean that either party to a dispute could oblige the other to go before these Boards; and if this were the case, we might get rid of the County Courts altogether, for they would have little to do if "all past contracts" were taken from their jurisdiction. If it is merely intended that those should go before them who might so choose, it would require much more trouble than the Committee seem inclined to take, to arrange how these Boards should enforce their decrees, and to decide whether the legal character of their decisions would not defeat the appeal to honour which generally brings disputants before such a tribunal. We feel sure, however, that the Committee meant no more than this—that if, when disputes fell out between an employer and his workmen, both parties would agree to refer the dispute to a recognised set of persons conversant with the trade, it would be a very good thing.

There is one great difference between England and France which must be borne in mind. In France, these *Conseils* were established by Imperial decrees. No choice was given—the trades were ordered to make an election. But if, in compliance with English notions of liberty, it were made optional with a trade or a district whether a Court of Conciliation should be created, there would be a great chance that the system would never come into operation at all. Mr. W. E. Forster, one of the most intelligent witnesses summoned before the Board, expressed his opinion that the great majority of masters would disapprove of such courts. They might naturally do so—they like a system under which a workman must either appeal to his employer or to a regular legal tribunal. Of this difficulty no notice is taken by the Committee; and for this and other reasons, any one who studies this Report attentively must feel certain that it cannot be meant to have a practical result. Not that the Committee were dishonest enough to propose a scheme which they felt to be rotten, but they had no real interest in the subject—no desire to put their proposition in such a shape that it could be made the groundwork of legislation. We cannot but express regret that a Parliamentary Committee should do its work in a way that makes us feel how easily those who are goodnatured enough to represent us glide over our affairs.

The institution of Courts of Conciliation would, however, it is supposed, exercise an ulterior effect beyond that of adjusting the ordinary disputes of trade. If a strike broke out, these courts might, without having a compulsory jurisdiction, be expected to supply the exact machinery for restoring peace. The workmen having elected four or five of the best of their class, and the masters having chosen as many whom they considered most qualified to do justice to their cause, the two parties would meet, under the control of a president chosen by the whole body, and who would be a person, probably, of superior station and independent position. Virtually, it would come to a kind of elaborate pleading before a single judge; and if the ablest masters and the ablest workmen respectively pleaded their cases before a really competent auditor, no likelier means could be devised of appeasing strife. Shame and deference for public opinion would prevent the party that conceived itself worsted from refusing compliance with the decision of the president. But we think it extremely unlikely that facts would bear out the supposition that the ablest masters, men, and president would be elected. The president is the most obvious difficulty. A man who is supposed to be unconnected with trade will, it is assumed, be willing to sit every week, without pay, for the adjudication of disputes about a crown's worth of damaged yarn or a broken loom. What sort of man would he be? Several witnesses were asked their conception of a possible president. One thought that the Inspector of Factories in his district might do, but that generally these inspectors were too much disliked. Another proposed the Judge of the County Court, but owned that he did not much like lawyers. A third suggested a late Chairman of Quarter Sessions, but recollected that he had recently gone into Parliament. We do not believe that any of these officials would accept the task. But supposing they did, what would be the consequence? At a time of great excitement—when the attention of England was turned on some strike the issue of which would affect thousands of homes, and regulate the investment of millions of capital—a Chairman of Quarter Sessions would have to expound the most difficult doctrines of political economy, and to estimate the vicissitudes of a gigantic commerce. Before the minds of those who draw out the scheme, there floats a vision, in which Lord Ashburton, Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Mill would be the president, while the masters would be of the intellectual calibre of Mr. Cobden or Mr. Bright, and the workmen like the manufacturing heroes of Mr. Disraeli's novels. It is a great step to sink from this to the realities which a French *Conseil des Prudhommes*, or an ordinary English Court of Conciliation, would afford. Of course it would be perfectly possible to arrange an adequate tribunal when a strike broke out, sitting for that especial occasion. Perhaps nothing would conduce more thoroughly to a right understanding

between the disputants; and an instance occurred which almost approached to such an intervention, when Lord Cranworth wrote his letter to Lord Ashburton in the case of the strike of the engineers. But the adoption of some such special means of pacification does not require any imitation of the *Conseils des Prudhommes*, and, in fact, the object could be more easily secured if minor Courts of Conciliation were not in existence. We should be sorry to assert generally that a more extended system of arbitration might not be advantageously introduced into English law, or that the institutions of France might not furnish us with a valuable guide. All we can say is, that the Report does not clear the way for such an alteration.

#### THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

THE re-opening of the Lyceum Theatre under new management ought to be an incident of some interest in the current chronicle of the stage; but the multiplication of play-houses has materially abated the curiosity of the public on such occasions. We should hardly miss the Lyceum if it were closed; and now that it is open, we are not conscious of any particular effect that it has produced. The age of "sensations" is over; and the town can no longer be thrown into a state of excitement by a theatrical novelty, as it was when Fielding produced his Great Mogul Company at the Haymarket, or when Dibdin fired the national enthusiasm at the Sans Souci. Nevertheless, the experiment at the Lyceum has some claims upon consideration which should not be overlooked. It may be fairly regarded as the natural result of the encouragement given to Mr. Charles Dillon at Sadler's Wells. The public are mainly responsible for elevating the provincial actor into a metropolitan manager; and if he should ultimately fail to satisfy their expectations, it would be extremely unreasonable in them not to take their fair share of the blame.

At present, the only means we have of judging of Mr. Dillon's merits are limited to the one part in which he originally attracted attention. But *Belphegor* at the Lyceum is a different matter from *Belphegor* at Sadler's Wells. The difference is not in Mr. Dillon, who continues to bestow the most praiseworthy diligence on the performance, but in the audience. To the people of Islington, the domestic anguish of the poor mountebank seemed to open up a fresh chapter in human suffering. It was all new and strange, and terribly affecting to them; and, seizing impetuously upon every outbreak of emotion, they communicated their own excitement to the actor, and so kept him at the height of his enthusiasm throughout. Now there is nothing of this kind at the Lyceum. The Strand audience, more reserved and critical, suspend their sympathy till *Belphegor* wrings it from them by reiterated appeals. They take nothing for granted. They let you understand plainly that they are fatally familiar with the piece, and that, superior to the passion of the scene, they are sitting in judgment upon the actor, and comparing him, point by point, with his predecessors. This is a great disadvantage to a performer who has followed no model, and who stands in want of all the succour he can obtain from the sensibility of the audience.

Mr. Dillon need have no apprehensions of a comparison with Lemaitre or Webster. There is nothing in common between them. If it were possible to conceive the idea of Mr. James Anderson subdued into perfect quietude, or of Mr. Rogers softened and made tender, some slight resemblance to them might be traced here and there; but it is only in an occasional expression, flitting across the surface. Mr. Dillon's *Belphegor* is entitled to the praise of distinct originality—indeed, it is so strongly impressed by the actor's individuality, that we cannot fancy him playing any other part in any other manner. It is obvious, however, that he has no very accurate conception of the character, from the fact that he presents it throughout in a uniform reading, instead of emphatically marking the different phases through which it passes. There are great moral and physical changes wrought in *Belphegor*; but they demand a versatility of powers beyond the reach of Mr. Dillon. His showman of the first act, and his chevalier of the last, are distinguishable from each other by little more than their costume. We lack in the one the *abandon*, freedom, and reckless animal spirits which the author bestowed upon him to make his subsequent wretchedness the more striking; and in the other, the finesse and by-play which constitute the dramatic interest of the situation. It is in the middle distance of the picture, so to speak, that Mr. Dillon is most successful. The whole of that scene where *Belphegor* is deserted by his wife was finely acted. Profoundly touching, without the least violence or excess, it approached more closely to a reality than any passage of domestic pathos we remember on the stage since the days of Miss Kelly, with whom what may be called the literal school of acting went out. Excellent, too, and no less meritorious in parts, although not so true or effective as a whole, was the haggard exhibition of the conjurer and his son in the gardens, before the fine gentlemen of the *ancien regime*. Mr. Dillon, greatly to his credit, never gives way to the melodramatic temptations of a part abounding in sudden transitions of moods and passions. He preserves, in the depths of his wrongs and sorrows, a gentleness as rare as it is piteous. This is a conspicuous virtue; but virtues have their extremes, which are as much to be avoided as their opposites. The performance requires relief; it is too quiet, and, in spite of many isolated passages of considerable merit, it leaves a final impression of want of power. The other characters are

of subordinate importance, and do not call for any special notice, with the exception of the boy—which was acted with remarkable feeling and earnestness by Miss Maria Wilton, a *debutante* of considerable promise—and the Fanfarronade of Mr. Toole, a capital piece of low comedy. The Madeline of Mrs. Charles Dillon had very much the air of a study from one of the transpontine establishments of some twenty years ago. The management will commit a grave mistake if they give prominence to that style of acting.

Whether this version of *Belphegor* is the same as that which was produced by Mr. Webster, we do not know; but it is deformed by similar errors of taste in the attempt to embroider the French dialogue with English fun. The gentlemen of the *ancien regime* may have been addicted to coarse jokes, but there are two or three vulgarisms imported into their conversation by the translator, of which it is impossible to suppose them to have been guilty. It would be well to purge the piece of these base humours, and to substitute the French name for the showman's horse, instead of rendering it into literal English. Mr. Dillon calls his son *Henri*, and may, therefore, with propriety designate his horse *Mouton*. When he calls him Mutton in the midst of the pathetic narrative of his death, the audience feel that they ought to laugh, and a smothered titter runs through the house.

A burlesque on the *Winter's Tale* concludes the entertainments at this theatre. It is intended to ridicule the beautiful and elaborate scenery of the Princess's, but falls into the very extravagance it undertakes to satirize. As far as it goes, it is, in its way, as gorgeous as its original; and we vainly seek for the grotesque exaggeration which is the life of burlesque. This is a blunder. To carry out the design of the piece consistently, the decorations should have responded to the dialogue, and presented a heap of incongruities and absurdities. There is very little merit of any kind in this piece. It consists of bad puns and worse doggerel, and is, upon the whole, extremely flat and dreary. The reappearance of Miss Woolgar, and the "first appearance on any stage" of Mr. Brough, the author of the burlesque, were the principal features of the performance. The management may be congratulated on the return of Miss Woolgar to the stage—which is more than we can say concerning the accession of Mr. Brough.

## REVIEWS.

### BOTHWELL.\*

THIS handsome octavo volume of 300 pages contains one really valuable contribution to literary criticism. Professor Aytoun, having learned from Miss Strickland's *Life of Mary*, that the Queen of Scots was at one time caricatured as a mermaid, has pointed out the curious confirmation of a conjecture long since made by Warburton, that the "stars" in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, who "shot madly from their spheres to hear the sea-maid's music," were the English partisans who lost their lives and fortunes in consequence of their relations with Queen Mary. Henceforward there can be no doubt as to the allusion contained in the description of the "Mermaid on the dolphin's back." Mr. Aytoun's historical notes, or dissertations on Scottish history, may, perhaps, display equal acuteness and industry, but the subject is much less interesting. The plots and assassinations which formed the business and amusement of the Scotch nobility are equally edifying with the history of Palmer or of Dove; but they took place long ago, and it is time that they should be finally forgotten. Modern murderers, indeed, do their work more neatly than their predecessors in the sixteenth century. The slaughter of Rizzio in the Queen's presence was a butcherly proceeding; and it seems that Darnley was, after all, not blown up in the explosion of Kirk-in-Field, but clumsily strangled in the orchard as he attempted to escape. The failure was the more discreditable because, according to Miss Strickland and Professor Aytoun, there were two independent gunpowder plots. It is admitted on all sides that Bothwell and his followers set fire to a large quantity of powder on the floor of the room beneath the King's apartment; but certain "competent judges of the theory of explosive forces" assert that the house could not have been demolished from the foundation without additional preparations. It is therefore supposed that Morton had, without the knowledge of Bothwell, provided for the completeness of the work by depositing a larger supply of powder in the vaults and cellars of the house. The result was, that the less skilful villains carried out the design of their unknown accomplices, or rather that they would have carried it out if Darnley had not escaped into the orchard. The inference which Miss Strickland and her followers draw from their investigation of the transaction is, that Morton, and perhaps Murray himself, were deeply engaged in the conspiracy. Tory or Jacobite historians and amateurs can excuse a mere ruffian like Bothwell more easily than Murray, who had a political purpose, or Knox, who regarded only the triumph of his austere religion. Mr. Aytoun is peculiarly severe on the Presbyterian ministers; but he candidly acknowledges the impossibility of fixing on their leader any complicity in the murder

of Darnley. In the poetical language of Bothwell's chief accomplice, the great preacher is by implication wholly acquitted of the crime:—

And, were you innocent as Knox,  
When captured at St. Andrew's rocks,  
Your friends must leave you to your fate.

It may be suspected, however, that if "Knox" had not rhymed to "rocks," his enemies would have left him to his fate, instead of placing his justification on record in imperishable verse.

This quotation may serve to remind us that a long poem is prefixed to the notes which have been mentioned. Bothwell is supposed, by an original and imaginative feeling, to divert his long imprisonment in the Castle of Malmoe by recalling to himself, with minute accuracy, the remarkable events of his short and troubled career. In the substance of his story, the unhappy exile carefully anticipates Miss Strickland; while, in his language and style, he foreshadows the more careless manner of Scott. In his active days, Bothwell was considered a rude and thoughtless conspirator; but compulsory retirement seems to have developed a talent for methodical detail which would have become a Writer to the Signet. It is well known that in the happy days of Queen Mary, when her nobility were meditating an act of more than ordinary villany, it was their custom to pledge themselves to support each other by a covenant, which was technically called a Band. One of these documents purported to recommend Bothwell as a husband to the Queen, and the autobiographer recites a long speech, delivered by Maitland of Lethington, for the purpose of suggesting the arrangement. In his reply, as reported by himself, he adopts the proposal,

Thanks, Maitland, thanks! I see thy aim—  
By Heaven, it shall be done!  
If Scotland's peers support the claim,  
The prize is almost won!

He then proceeds to enumerate the persons whose signature is desirable, in the following animated and poetical strain,—

About it straight! Let Morton sign,  
Huntley and Cassilis, Crawford, too;  
Their fortunes are compact with mine;  
When they stand forward, not a few  
For love, or dread, or shame, will join—  
Ruthven will follow, nothing loth;  
Errol, Argyle—I have them both—  
And, hark ye—sound the bishops, man!  
Each reverend name is worth a score—  
Place old St. Andrews in the van,  
He'll bring us Orkney, Ross, and more.

As soon as Maitland is gone, Ormiston enters, and suggests that his chief has been taken in. Bothwell adopts his friend's intimation with a readiness which shows his freedom from the vice of obstinacy—

"Come, now, be frank with me, my lord,  
Something of courtly craft I know;  
Who brought you this? for by my word  
I hold him less your friend than foe."  
"Twas Lethington!" "Why he's in league  
With Morton and Kirkaldy too!  
The busiest spider of intrigue  
That ever simple Scotland knew."

Accordingly, in preference to entangling himself in the web of a spider, Bothwell consents to the project of carrying off Mary to Dunbar.

The accomplices in the murder of Darnley are not less carefully enumerated, and told off to their different posts. Ormiston is to be near the port. Bolton, of whom it is wittily observed that—

He would have beaten Knox or Craig,  
Had he been to the pulpit bred,

is ordered to see the powder laid—

And do it quick and carefully:  
Paris awaits to let you in  
By the back entrance: take good heed  
That nothing fails.

Talla is desired to accompany Bothwell himself. The names are familiar to readers of the *Abbot*, who remember the thrilling exclamations of Mary in her delirium. "Talla and Bolton, and Black Ormiston—how they smell of sulphur;" but Scott only touched on the tragedy of Kirk-in-Field for an instant. It was left for a more conscientious narrator to commemorate all the details of the transaction. Historians have recorded that the powder No. 1 was ignited by a soldier's fuse, which burnt for ten minutes before it set fire to the train. The hero of the adventure does not fail to record the delay:—

"Hell! should it fail, our plot is vain!  
Bolton! you have mislaid the light,  
Give me the key—I'll fire the train,  
Though I be partner of his flight."

[i. e. Darnley's flight into the air in pursuance of the "theory of explosive forces."] "

"Stay, stay, my Lord! you shall not go!  
'Twere madness now to near the place,  
The soldier's fuses burn but slow,  
Abide, abide, a little space!  
There's time enough!"

The fidelity with which broken conversations of this kind are reported at the distance of several years, seems to indicate a habit on the part of the autobiographer of keeping a short-hand journal. Ordinary minds would scarcely have remembered, long

\* *Bothwell*: a Poem in Six Parts. By W. Edmondstone Aytoun, D.C.L., Author of the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," &c. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons.



after the explosion had taken place, that they had expected or feared that it might not take place at all.

The prophetic faculty of looking over Miss Strickland's shoulder leads Bothwell to divine the existence of the Gunpowder Plot No. 2:—

My name was bruited.—Well I know  
Who set the bloodhounds on my track;  
But Morton, though my deadliest foe,  
Dared not, as then, to cheer the pack.  
Had I been such a knave as he,  
I might at once have saved my breath,  
And made my name for ever free,  
By charging him with Darnley's death.  
Ay—without falsehood in my heart;  
For, when I went at break of day,  
To search the ruins, far apart  
The unscathed corpse of Darnley lay.  
No mark of fire was on the dead—  
Unscathed his cloak of velvet fine;  
If he were murdered as he fled,  
It was not done by me or mine!  
And none save Douglas knew the hour  
When the old roof should whirl in air:  
He swore to aid me with his power—  
It may be that his men were there.

The closing suspension of historical judgment cannot be too much admired. Many annalists in the position of Bothwell would at once have jumped to the desired conclusion.

The candour of the unfortunate exile's confessions, and his plausible assertions that his countrymen in general were at least as bad as himself, seem inconsistent with an apologetic passage in which he throws all the blame of Scottish treachery on the English Court:—

By heaven! I think, had Scotland stood  
Unfriended and alone,  
Left to herself, without intrigue  
From any neighbour throne;  
Free to decide, and mould, and fix  
The manner of her sway,  
No Scottish soul had ever stooped  
To cozen or betray.

Surely Elizabeth is not responsible for "such a knave as" Morton, or for that busy spider of intrigue, Maitland of Lethington.

Bothwell's views of religion, morality, and things in general, are by no means as lucid as his personal narrative. Puzzled between conflicting sects, he seems to have inclined rather to Protestantism, but with a zeal calm in itself, and by no means according to knowledge:—

Nor to the preachers had I turned  
Disdainful ear—I never spurned  
Their doctrines, though I did not care,  
And knew not what those doctrines were.

The pretensions of Rome are summarily refuted by the conclusive argument that Ben Nevis is more than 4000 feet above the sea, while the Vatican probably is below 200:—

Men say the hills of Rome are high—  
They are not loftier than our own;  
Let good St. Peter's follower try  
How far his curses can be blown.

Perhaps, after all, it is as easy to blow a curse up hill as down hill, but poets must be allowed a certain licence. His experience, however, during the Kirk-in-Field affair has satisfied him that he was in error when he disputed the propositions of a certain divine:—

I heard a sermon long ago,  
Wherein the preacher strove to show  
That guiltiness in high or low  
Hath the like touch of fear;  
And that the knight who sallies forth  
Bent on an action of unworth,  
Though he be duke or belted earl,  
Feels the same tremor as the churl  
Who steals his neighbour's gear.  
I held his words for idle talk,  
And cast them from my view,  
But, in that awful midnight walk,  
I felt the man spoke true.

On another occasion he draws a felicitous contrast between the tempers of the two sexes:—

God gave to woman gentler sense  
And sweeter temper than to man;  
And she will bear, like penitence,  
A load which makes the other ban.

It is unfortunately true that men are occasionally, under strong provocation, induced to "ban," or in humbler language, to curse and swear; but, according to Lord Cockburn, old Scotch ladies also, within a century, have kept up the fashion of "banning." It may be doubted whether Bothwell's fair contemporaries, who threw joint-stools at the heads of the Edinburgh clergy, did not occasionally accompany their missiles rather with "bans" than with anything "like penitence."

Of the four or five thousand lines which make up the poem of *Bothwell*, it may be said that any man of ordinary ability, accustomed to versification, could extemporize in half an hour twenty verses fully equal to an average extract. Many clever boys of sixteen, after reading Scott's poems, could produce an imitation as successful as the best parts of *Bothwell*. The bald, dull, slipshod sing-song never deviates into musical rhythm. It is surprising that a writer not devoid of a certain literary faculty

should have put forth so elaborate a proof of his total inaptitude for poetical composition. Mr. Aytoun once contributed to an amusing collection of parodies; and he lately published a burlesque which might have been successful if it had been reduced to a tenth part of its bulk, and relieved from the serious part of its contents. *Firmilian* was a caricature of the order of *Tom Thumb* or *Bombastes Furioso*, directed against the poetasters who, like Bailey and Alexander Smith, attempt to conceal their ignorance of nature and of mankind by selecting demons for their heroes and chaos for their scene. As long as *Firmilian* exaggerated the absurdities of his originals, he was spirited and amusing; but unluckily Mr. Aytoun thought the occasion propitious for the exhibition of his own poetical genius, and the attempt to rival the objects of his ridicule naturally led to a total failure. Many a mimic who is eloquent or witty as long as he assumes the voice and manner of another, breaks down as soon as he subsides into his own character. The parodies of Bon Gaultier supply a curious contrast to the unpretending doggerel of *Bothwell*.

Mr. Aytoun will perhaps not learn modesty as a critic from his hopeless failure as a poet. The readers of *Blackwood* will still, we presume, be edified by those literary disquisitions which, notwithstanding the absence of taste, of fancy, and of humour, recal the half-forgotten style of the genial Christopher North. If the *Blackwood* writer had the opportunity of discussing the *Divine Comedy* on its first appearance, he would probably begin his criticism with the announcement that he had taken a caulker of Glenlivet, and conclude by declaring that the *Purgatory* was too dull to be put in his game-bag on his next expedition to the moors. If the great living writers who have been the victims of Mr. Aytoun's graceful and profound banter trouble themselves to look at *Bothwell*, verily they will have their revenge. The incapacity to appreciate works of imagination which has been so often displayed in the Magazine is fully explained by the poem.

#### REGNIER.\*

WHEN we took up the volume before us, and saw on the title-page the name of M. Viollet Le Duc as editor, and author of a prefatory history of French Satire, we formed expectations which, we candidly confess, have not been realized. Let us not be misunderstood. This *Elzevirian* edition of the works of Mathurin Regnier, the Horace of French Satire, and the Montaigne of French Poetry, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of facilities for understanding a diction which is now somewhat antiquated, and allusions which are now as uninteresting as they are obscure. In fact, it errs, in this particular, rather in excess than in defect. This however, it may be urged, is a very venial fault—a fault on the right side, which is more than redeemed by the excellent apparatus of critical and philological notes with which the text is furnished. We admit that it might be considered a piece of officiousness to complain of an editor's burning his rush-light in open day; but, on the other hand, we stoutly assert our right to protest against his blowing it out at night. In other words, we affirm that in this edition of Regnier, a considerable amount of information is given us which may have truth, but certainly has not novelty, to recommend it; while on those points which are greatly in need of elucidation, the general reader is left pretty much in the dark. It will be the object of these remarks to supply, and by supplying to explain, the deficiency of which we complain.

There are certain writers who cannot be properly appreciated unless due account be taken of the peculiar position they held in the age to which they belonged, and whose works are of less importance and interest in themselves than as landmarks in the general history of literature. Of such writers Mathurin Regnier is one. His poems, his thoughts, his diction, form a picture unworthy of more than a passing gaze, when seen out of its frame. That frame was the sixteenth century. The literature of that age—so far as it can be said to have had any literature—has been wittily compared by some French writer to a girl who has more than once missed a "capital match." Of buds it had no lack, but they never blossomed. Everything was tentative and inchoate—nothing consolidated or complete. The work cut out for the sixteenth century in France seems to have been, to clear away the rubbish from ground on which succeeding centuries were to build. Her literati were mere masons—the master-builders were reserved to erect the glorious monuments of the *Grand Siècle*. Hence the difficulty we experience in endeavouring to discover some principle of symmetry or unity about the literature of that era. Partly in consequence of the political turmoils by which the country was then distracted, the advent of the Renaissance seems to have taken France, as it were, by surprise. The confluence of classical antiquity with the middle ages seems to have burst the dams of thought, and many a weary effort was required before confusion gave way to order, and the fitful spasms of a feverish condition were succeeded by the quiet confidence and self-possession which characterize the productions of a Boileau, a Corneille, and a Molière.

These general remarks on the tendencies of the age will

\* *Œuvres complètes de Mathurin Regnier, avec les Commentaires recueils et corrigés, précédées de l'Histoire de la Satire en France pour servir de Discours préliminaire*, par M. Viollet Le Duc. A Paris: chez F. Jannet. (Bibliothèque Elzévirienne.)

find their best illustration in the history of French poetry during the period of which we speak. It may be divided into three epochs, or schools, of which the leading types or representatives are Clément Marot, Ronsard, and Malherbe. The eye of Marot lingers on the sunset of the fifteenth century: and his works embody all that the nation could retain of that old *esprit Gaulois* which had been the life and soul of French mediæval literature. It would seem as if that *esprit* had made one vast and final effort to body forth all its best and noblest elements, and had then sunk back exhausted. In this respect, the song of Marot was the song of the swan. To rouse the nation from the torpor which succeeded the *élégant badinage* of Maître Clément, Ronsard came forward and pointed to Greece and Rome. It was there that France was to find the force, grandeur, and majesty it so grievously lacked, to replace the sickening *doux nenni* of Marot's muse. With the intemperate zeal of all first reformers, Ronsard and his crew set themselves to cut away the literature of the fifteenth and previous centuries, root and branch. The infant language was to be stripped, and clothed anew in *toga* and *chiton*. But, alas! the mannikin they thus huddled and caressed was nothing but a doll. The soulless plodding of servile copyists was unable to breathe into its nostrils the breath of life. Still they had done good service—they had sown the seeds of which they did not live to see the fruit. For presently a reaction ensued. Those who know Boileau by heart, and those who have never read a line of him, are alike familiar with these three words—

Enfin Malherbe vint!

by which the great legislator of Parnassus has marked the advent of that reaction. We must wade through the folios of Ronsard, and the other members of the *Pléiade*, if we would adequately understand and appreciate its importance. But Malherbe came not alone. With him was associated Mathurin Regnier—if it be not a solecism to speak of association between men who were separated by the strongest personal and literary antipathies. Yet to these men was confided the task of adjusting the claims of the twofold elements (the mediæval and the classical) to the homage of France, and of bringing something like order and harmony out of the discord which prevailed on every side. Malherbe confined within such limits as were consistent with independence and originality, that imitational fever which had maddened the brain of Ronsard. Regnier asserted the rights of that *esprit Gaulois* which Ronsard had scouted, but could not quench. Ronsard had done nothing but transplant—Malherbe grafted:—

"Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbor  
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."

The operation was one which required peculiar delicacy, but Malherbe proved equal to the task. His sensitiveness to defects of style, diction, or metre, was acute almost to a fault. The presence of a hiatus, or the absence of a *cæsura*, tormented his life—the grammatical solecisms of his nurse ruffled his peace at his death. There was no spontaneity about his muse. It took him six years, said his enemies, to write an ode, and a quire of paper to turn out a stanza. And, in fact, a calculation has been made that, during the twenty-five most productive years of his life, he must have written at the rate of thirty-three lines *per annum*. Greater poets may easily be found; but not easily one who so admirably fulfilled the peculiar wants of the age. Order, taste, clearness, dignity of style—such were the precious gifts which Malherbe conferred upon French literature: and they are eminently the distinguishing characteristics of the greatest productions of the greatest French classics. We advise the reader, before he proceeds any further, to take down his Boileau, and read the exquisite lines (*Art Poétique*, *Chant I.*) which follow the famous *Enfin*, and set forth the merits of Malherbe's mission.

Perhaps we may best convey an idea of the part which Mathurin Regnier played in the history of French literature, by saying that while Malherbe paved the way for the classical purity of Racine, he may be called the precursor of the *naïveté* and *bonhomie* of La Fontaine. This is so eminently the case, that La Fontaine always appears to us as if he had got by mistake into the seventeenth century—as if the absence of mind for which he was so remarkable had been his bane from his very birth, and had made him enter the world some fifty years behind his time. *Le bon Regnier* is an expression of almost as common recurrence as *Le bon La Fontaine*. The work which Malherbe executed of set purpose, and with systematic adherence to certain specified rules, of which no *circonstances atténuantes* could in his eyes palliate the breach, Regnier accomplished by mere instinct, without any apparent consciousness that he was doing anything more than what he has himself described in his own epitaph:—

J'ay vécu sans nul pensément,  
Me laissant aller doucement  
A la bonne loi naturelle.

Nay, he seems not only to have ignored, but to have mistaken his vocation. As a nephew of the poet Desportes, who was a faithful disciple of Ronsard, and the inventor, let us remark in passing, of the French word *pudeur*, Regnier appears to have taken for granted that he was following in the steps of his uncle, and furthering the cause of the great captain of the *Pléiade*. The reverse was the case. He was, in fact, bringing about a wholesome revival of that *esprit Gaulois* which formed the great charm of Clément Marot, the Ennius of France. While, by example rather than precept, he concurred with Malherbe in repudiating

that servile imitation and reproduction of antiquity which had marred the reforms of Ronsard, he went further than Malherbe in wedding to the elegant forms of Roman satire the caustic wit and racy pungency which we meet with in the *Roman de la Rose*, and in Rabelais, and the *naïveté* and *bonhomie* which make us linger on the pages of Montaigne and La Fontaine. But all this, it should be remembered, was done without the least premeditation. To suppose him capable of the earnest prosecution of any definite aim, would be quite out of keeping with the whole tenor of his reprobate life. Born at Chartres on the shortest day of the year 1573, little more than ten years were suffered to elapse before he was subjected to the tonsure, in order that he might be qualified to succeed to some of the fat benefices of his uncle aforesaid, the Abbé Desportes. It seems to have been the only qualification he ever possessed. By a not unnatural reaction against a career which had been imposed upon him without any choice of his, he rushed into unmitigated profligacy. Twice he went to Rome as a hanger-on of the Cardinal de Joyeuse and the Duc de Béthune. In 1604 he was made a canon of Chartres, and soon after obtained a pension which amply supplied his wants. He died a worn-out voluptuary at the early age of thirty-nine, leaving behind him, as we are led to infer, that most contemptible of characters—"a man's enemy but his own"—by which the world sentimentally disguises its connivance at the vices of a debauchee.

But we turn from this disgusting picture of the sensual libertine to the writings of the author. These consist of sixteen Satires, three Epistles, five Elegies, and a score or so of minor pieces. Of course, it is on the Satires that Regnier's reputation as a poet is exclusively founded. While we lament the coarseness, the want of all moral earnestness, and the general lowness of tone by which they are disfigured, we cannot for a moment dispute the justice, in a literary point of view, of those laurels which have, by acclamation, been conferred upon their author. Boileau goes the length of asserting that no man, before the time of Molière, had shown such a deep insight into human character. "C'est le poète François qui, du consentement de tout le monde, a le mieux connu, avant Molière, les mœurs et le caractère des hommes." The parallel here suggested between Regnier and the author of *Tartuffe* reminds us of one of the best of his Satires, and one of the most famous of his portraits—that of a female *Tartuffe*, whom he designates by the name of Macette. Hypocrisy has ever been a favourite theme for the ridicule and indignation of French writers, and it might be interesting to institute a comparison between Regnier, Molière, La Bruyère, and the writers of the middle ages. In the *Roman de la Rose*, for example, occurs a most powerful description of *Papelerdie*, as hypocrisy was then styled, which we hope we may be pardoned for translating, as it offers more than one point of contact with Regnier's Macette. The writer, we should observe, is speaking of some allegorical sculptures on the exterior of a building:—

She it is who in secret, when none regardeth, keeps back from no evil thing; but in public she plays the doleful, and wears a pale and piteous visage, and seems a right gentle creature. She was shod and clad like a nun: in her hand she carried a psalter: she bore no trace of mirth or gaiety, but seemed intent on good works. You must know, she was not portly, but was wasted and wan. To her, and to such as her, the gates of Paradise are closed; for those who make long faces, says the Gospel, to have praise in the world, and for the sake of a little vainglory, such have lost God and the kingdom of God.

Mark, now, Regnier's Macette:—

Elle qui n'eust avant que pleurer son délit,  
Autre ciel pour objet que le ciel de son lit.

See how she enters the room with staid demeanour—

—à pas lents et posez,  
La parole modeste, et les yeux composez.

She is not indeed dressed like a nun, for we are now no longer in the thirteenth century, when Guillaume de Lorris penned the above description of *Papelerdie*; but for all that—

Sans art elle s'habille, et simple en contenance  
Son teint mortifié presche la continence.

The poet represents her as pouring the poison of her counsels into the ear of a young girl, teaching her that licentiousness only begins to be a sin when it ceases to be a secret—

Le péché que l'on cache est demi-pardonné;

and even were it not so,

... la bonté du Ciel nos offenses surpasse;  
Pourveu qu'on se confesse, on a toujours sa grace.

She then seems to be apprehensive that she has spoken somewhat too broadly, so she chimes in, parenthetically—

Je sçay bien que vostre âge, encore jeune et tendre,  
Ne peut ainsi que moy ces mystères comprendre.

She then resumes her insidious strains. The poet—who is supposed to have been all the while concealed behind the door—winds up by an apostrophe, which again reminds us of the summing up of Guillaume de Lorris:—

Ha vieille, dy-je lors, qu'en mon cœur je maudis,  
Est-ce là le chemin pour gagner paradis?

We have dwelt at some length on the portrait of Macette, for we heartily concur with M. Viollet Le Duc, who considers this thirteenth Satire as the *facile princeps* of the poet's works. There are other sketches, however, in the volume which bear



the touch of a master-hand. See that man with a weazened face, and slovenly dress—

Sans demander son nom, on le peut reconnoître,  
Car si ce n'est un poëte, au moins il le veut être.

The doctor, too, simpering over the tendered fee—

Contrefaire l'honnête, et quand viendrait au point,  
Dire, en serrant la main, "Dame, il n'en falloit point."

By these and other such masterly hits—as in the portraits of the fop, or the bore—the works of Regnier will always retain their place in the literature of France, however much they may be wanting in those higher graces and beauties which spring from that union of wit and worth—

L'accord d'un beau talent et d'un beau caractère,—

which in the person of Mathurin Regnier can only be said to have existed by an almost unjustifiable stretch of charity.

It has been our object in the above remarks to indicate the position held by Regnier with reference both to those who preceded and to those who succeeded him. We leave it to the reader to judge how far the entire omission of all such considerations is calculated to impair the usefulness of this edition of Regnier's works. Of M. Viollot Le Due's *Histoire de la Satire en France*, we have little to say but that it comprises a somewhat ill-digested congeries of notices of any and every French writer who could, on any pretence, be made to do duty for the nonce as a satirist, and that it contributes very little towards the elucidation of that particular satirist whose works were more immediately before him. The valuable foot-notes, however, subjoined to Regnier's poems, go far to redeem the blemishes of the *Discours Préliminaire*, especially those which explain the phraseology or rectify the text of an author who seems to have allowed his works to go forth to the world—such was his reckless *insouciance*—laden with blunders of every kind. On the whole, therefore, till some more successful rival supplants it in public estimation (a contingency exceedingly remote), the *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne* may fairly lay claim to the possession of the best existing edition of the *Œuvres complètes de Mathurin Regnier*.

#### EATING HORSEFLESH.\*

A FRENCHMAN was one day remonstrating against the contempt expressed by Englishmen for French beef, the inferiority of which he could not admit. "I have been two times in England," said he, "but I never find the beef so supérieur to ours. I find it very convenient that they bring it you on little pieces of stick, for one penny, but I do not find the beef supérieur." "Good God, sir!" exclaimed the Englishman, aghast, "you have been eating cat's meat for beef." What this Frenchman did in the innocence of his heart, his countrymen now do, it seems, with malice prepense; and a Frenchman of considerable reputation calls upon the whole world to put aside what he considers an ancient and absurd prejudice, and to realize at home that famous sentence in the "Geography" we used to read at school, which, under the head of Norway, informed us—"Horseflesh is publicly sold in the markets; here also is a dangerous vortex of the sea, called the Maelstrom." M. Isidore St. Hilaire is very serious. He does not merely advocate the fillet of horseflesh—the mare soup and fricassee colt—in sarcastic allusion to the practice of Parisian restaurants. He comes gravely forward, with chapters of scientific evidence and argument, to contend that, while animal food is absolutely necessary to the proper nourishment of the human race, millions of Frenchmen eat no animal food, and every year millions of pounds of excellent meat are wasted. He knows how the cause he advocates lends itself to ridicule—he knows how difficult it has always been to get rid of a prejudice—he knows the fate of innovators; but, though a Frenchman, he braves ridicule, brings a heavy battery of facts to destroy what he deems a prejudice, and is already experiencing some of the triumph which follows a hard-won victory. For seven years he has been advocating the desirableness of eating horseflesh—for seven years he has been collecting evidence and gaining converts—and now he feels strong enough to appeal to the European public in a small volume, which we recommend to the notice of our readers, and of which we will now give some account.

After some oratorical prelude, which the dexterous reader will skip, M. St. Hilaire shows the necessity for animal food. This is a popular exposition of the results at which Physiology and Organic Chemistry have arrived; and as only a few unscientific vegetarians will think of disputing the thesis, there is no harm in this chapter being somewhat meagre. The next chapter is a terrible one. It examines the question of the insufficiency of animal food at the disposal of the population; and not only do figures show that the amount yearly consumed is greatly inferior to the amount necessary for the population, supposing that all shared alike, but investigations into the condition of the working classes in France end in this result:—

The immense majority of working men, especially labourers, that is to say, about 25,000,000 out of the population of 36,000,000, may be divided into three classes. 1st, Those who eat animal food at their weddings, on Shrove Tuesday, and the great festivals, i. e.

six times a year. 2nd, Those who eat animal food twice a year. 3rd, Those who eat it once a year.

Unless the reader is a vegetarian, or thinks that the working-classes ought to be vegetarians, this simple statement will somewhat appal him, and he will at least honour the motives of those who, like M. St. Hilaire, are willing to brave ridicule, and worse, in the hope of putting an end to such a state of things. The first question, in presence of such a deficit, is whence can it be supplied? Where is the animal food to come from? Elaborate calculations are produced to show that, if eatable, horseflesh will supply, in France alone, 50,624,000 kilogrammes as a minimum, or 1-14th of all the food furnished by cattle, sheep, goats, and pigs. At the lowest valuation, two millions and a half of rations, such as the cavalry receive, would be rescued from waste. These figures put ridicule out of countenance; and having thus endeavoured to secure a calm consideration of the question, M. St. Hilaire proceeds to meet *seriatim* the serious objections. First and foremost, it is necessary to prove that this amount of animal food can be used as food by men not driven by the fierce impulses of starvation. If unwholesome, the philanthropist would cease to wish for its introduction into our markets—if disagreeable, the public would cease to buy it.

M. St. Hilaire asks first, therefore, Is it unwholesome? Reasoning from analogy, one would answer, No. Horseflesh, like the best of our butchers' meat, is the flesh of an herbivorous animal; and the organic chemist is ready to assure us that the flesh of horses is composed of the same organic elements and the same salts, mostly in the same proportions, as the flesh of man. The only notable difference, we are told, is an excess of *creatine*—a nitrogenous substance which M. Chevreul discovered in *beef bouillon*, and to which Liebig, who finds it in the flesh of all vertebrate animals, attributes "a large part in the vital actions." We must protest, in passing, against this idea of Liebig's. We think Robin, and Kerdel, and Lehmann have satisfactorily shown *creatine* to be not an organic principle, but the product of disintegration; and even should we accept it as an organic principle, we must demur against the leap in logic which jumps to the conclusion of its playing a great part in the vital actions. The excess of *creatine*, however, can hardly, of itself, constitute a solid objection against the use of horseflesh; and those who follow Liebig will regard it as an additional argument in favour of horseflesh, as M. St. Hilaire does.

Reasoning from analogy, however, is after all a somewhat treacherous guide; and the popular mind will lean with more confidence on positive experience. Let us see what evidence M. St. Hilaire has to adduce. First, he appeals to his long experience at the *Jardin des Plantes*, where the greater part of the *carnivora* are habitually fed on horseflesh, which keeps them healthy in spite of many unfavourable conditions. But this will not carry much weight with it. Our digestion is not quite so good as that of a lion. The condor has been known to eat, with satisfaction, food which Mrs. Brown would find little to her taste. No dietetic rule for men can be deduced from the digestions of tigers. We prefer the experience of human stomachs. Fortunately this is not wanting, and M. St. Hilaire collects an imposing mass of evidence. Huzard, the celebrated veterinary surgeon, records that during the revolution the population of Paris was for six months dieted with horseflesh, without any ill effects. Some complaints, indeed, were made when it was found that the *beef* came from horses; but in spite of prejudice and the terrors such a discovery may have raised, no single case of illness was attributed to the food. Larrey, the great army surgeon, declares that on very many occasions during the campaigns, he administered horseflesh to the soldiers, and to the soldiers sick in the hospital; and instead of finding it injurious, it powerfully contributed to the convalescence of the sick, and drove away a scorbutic epidemic which attacked the men. The testimony of Parent Duchâtelet is also quoted to the same effect. M. St. Hilaire feels himself abundantly authorised to declare that horseflesh, far from being unwholesome, is one of the most nutritious and wholesome of alimentary substances; and, to support this declaration, he adduces the testimony of historians and travellers, showing how whole tribes and nations have habitually eaten and highly esteemed it. We must refer our readers to the book itself for these details.

Having thus, as he considers, satisfactorily settled the question of wholesomeness, M. St. Hilaire proceeds to deal with the question of agreeableness. Is wholesome horseflesh agreeable enough to tempt men, not starving, to eat it? It is, of course, of little use that historians and travellers tell of hippophagists—it is nothing to the purpose that soldiers in a campaign, or citizens during a siege, have eaten horses with considerable relish. Under such circumstances, one's old shoe is not to be despised as a *pièce de résistance*; and one's grandmother may be a toothsome morsel. The real point to be settled in the European mind is this—Apart from all conditions which must bias the judgment, is horseflesh pleasant to the taste? M. St. Hilaire cites the evidence of eminent men who, having eaten it knowing what it was, pronounced it excellent—all declaring that it was better than cow-beef, and some that there was little difference between it and ox-beef. In 1825, the Prefect of Police chose from among eminent and competent judges a commission to inquire into the quality of the flesh taken from horses which had died, or been killed, in Paris and its environs. The Com-

\* *Lettres sur les Substances Alimentaires, et particulièrement sur la Viande de Cheval.* Par M. Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire. Paris: 1856.

missioners were, like the general public, prejudiced against horseflesh; and they indicate that prejudice in the terms of the Report:—

*Nous ne pouvons disconvenir que cette chair ne soit fort bonne et fort savoureuse; plusieurs membres de la commission en ont mangé, et ils n'ont pas trouvé qu'il existât entre elle et celle du bœuf une différence sensible.*

Since then, Germany has had its "Banquets of Horseflesh," for the wits to ridicule—public feasting at which "cat's meat" was served in various forms, as soup, as bouilli, as filet, as cutlet; and all the feasters left the table converted hippophagists. In 1841, horseflesh was adopted at Ochsenhausen (what irony in the name!) in Wurtemberg, where it is now publicly sold under the surveillance of the police. Every week five or six horses are brought to market. At the Lake of Constance, a large quantity of this meat is also sold. In 1842, a banquet of 150 persons inaugurated its public use at Königsbad, near Stuttgart. In 1846, the police of Baden authorized its public sale, and Schaffhausen followed in the same year. In 1847, at Detmold and at Weimar, public horseflesh banquets were held with great *éclat*—in Karlsbad (Bohemia) and its environs, the new beef came into general use—and at Zittau, two hundred horses are eaten annually. At Ling, after one of these banquets, the police permitted the sale of horseflesh, which is now general in Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, Hanover, Switzerland, and Belgium. The innovation made rapid converts. In 1853, Berlin had no less than five *abattoirs*, where 350 horses were killed and sold. At Vienna, in 1853, there was a riot to prevent one of these banquets; and in 1854, such progress had been made, that 32,000 pounds weight were sold in fifteen days, and at least 10,000 of the inhabitants habitually ate horseflesh.

These facts are at all events curious. Think of the prejudices to be overcome, and think how unreasoning is the stomach! But perhaps the reader, having eaten German beef, has a not ill-grounded suspicion that horseflesh might bear honourable comparison with such meat, and yet be at best of mediocre savour. Let us therefore cite the example of Parisian banquets, where the convives were men accustomed to the *Trois Frères*, *Philippe's*, and the *Café de Paris*. M. Renault, the director of the great Veterinary College at Alfort, had a horse brought to him with an incurable paralysis of the hinder extremities. It was killed, and three days afterwards, on the 1st December, 1855, eleven guests were invited—physicians, journalists, veterinary surgeons, and *employés* of the Government. Side by side were dishes prepared by the same cook, in precisely the same manner, and with the same pieces taken respectively from this horse and from an ox of good quality. The *bouillon* of beef was flanked by a *bouillon* of horse, the *bouilli* of beef by a *bouilli* of horse, the fillet of roast beef by a fillet of roast horse: and a comparison was to be made of their qualities. Dr. Amédée Latour thus writes:—

*Bouillon de cheval.*—Surprise générale! C'est parfait, c'est excellent, c'est nourri, c'est corsé, c'est aromatique, c'est riche de goût.  
Le *Bouillon de bœuf* est bon, mais *comparativement inférieur*, moins accentué de goût, moins parfumé, moins résistant de sapidité.

The jury unanimously pronounced the horse *bouillon* superior to that of the ox. The *bouilli*, on the contrary, they thought inferior to that of good beef, although superior to ordinary beef, and certainly superior to all cow-beef. The roast fillet, again, they found superior to that of the ox; and M. Latour thus sums up the experiment:—

Un *bouillon supérieur*;  
Un *bouilli bon et très mangeable*;  
Un *rôti exquis*.

Similar experiments have been subsequently tried several times in Paris and in the provinces. They have been tried under three different conditions. First, the guests have known what they were going to eat; secondly, they have been totally ignorant; and thirdly, they have been warned that they were going to eat something quite novel. Yet in every case, we are told, the result has been the same. It is right to add that the author anticipates the objection that the animals selected were young horses in splendid condition, and that such horses are too valuable to be sent to the butcher. The majority of these experiments have, we are assured, been made at veterinary colleges, upon horses incapacitated by age or accident from further work. The horse which M. Renault served up to his friends, had already *vingt-trois ans de bons et loyaux services*. He was in good "condition"—that is to say, well-fleshed, although paralysed. In fact, all the horses, it is asserted, were such as are sold for fifteen or twenty francs—not such as are the pride of our stables. The younger the horse, the better his flesh; and as young horses die daily from accidents, these, we presume, would form the "prime cuts." But old horses, used up, unfit even for cabs, if allowed a little rest, are capable, we are assured, of furnishing beef better than cow-beef. M. St. Hilaire discusses at great length many other objections, with which we need not here trouble ourselves. We cannot, however, in fairness refuse him the benefit, whatever it may be, of the plausible generality that every novelty is sure to be opposed by multitudes of objections, but that no array of argument can obstruct the progress of a principle admitting of demonstration. Potatoes were once argued against as fiercely as tea and tobacco. Montaigne speaks of *l'estonnement et le dégoût que la nouveauté excitait* against potatoes; and potatoes seem innocent beside horseflesh.

Without further discussing our author's ingenious argument, we may notice a point left untouched by M. St. Hilaire, which, however, naturally falls into his scheme of extending our resources of animal food. It is this—we eat the blood of pigs and fowls, but the blood of oxen, sheep, goats, calves, &c., we throw aside as waste. Now blood is, as Borden expressively called it, *la chair coulante*—it contains all the principles out of which the tissues are formed, and must, one would imagine *à priori*, be eminently nutritious. Why prejudice has excluded it, while admitting the blood of pigs, is an anomaly which we could never understand. But we have already kept our readers too long, perhaps, over this subject; and having laid before them the principal points in M. St. Hilaire's treatise, we leave them to seek further details in its pages. That the question is a curious one will not be doubted, and the mere fact that it has been seriously raised is sufficiently interesting and important to merit the attention of physiologists.

#### THE NAPOLEON CORRESPONDENCE.\*

THERE are few things so satisfactory to the historical student as a collection of original correspondence. There are not many biographies which do not create an impression, as respects the author, of devoted partisanship or avowed hostility, and it is not easy to arrive at a sound judgment on an historical event or character without taking the pains to investigate for oneself the evidence as it stands on record. This is especially true in those cases where posterity has not yet made up its mind, where the controversy is still open, where it is the interest of political parties to propagate a particular view, and where recent history reflects the fears and the hatreds of the last generation. For this reason the *Napoleon Correspondence* is of great value, as it serves to give a more complete and accurate insight into the character of Napoleon, and the times in which he lived, than the eloquent pages of M. Thiers, or the sonorous periods of Sir Archibald Alison. The world has not yet pronounced its verdict on that wonderful man. It may be that, at some future time, a philosophical historian will discover that the idol of the French nation was the curse of France, just as M. Cousin has made out Louis XIV. to have been the most mischievous of rulers. As yet, however, we are far from such a conclusion. Many are still dazzled by the splendid achievements, no less than by the immense intellectual power of Napoleon. Success and power easily attract worshippers, although the one may have been obtained by the utter disregard of all laws, human and divine, and though the other may have been uniformly abused. Perhaps, at the present day, people are somewhat too much disposed to bow down before what M. de Montalembert calls the incarnation of force, without caring to inquire too curiously into the principles upon which the incarnate force is moved and directed, or to ascertain whether it be anything higher than unflinching tenacity of purpose, combined with unscrupulous selfishness and remorseless cruelty. The *Napoleon Correspondence* may well serve as an antidote to that most detestable of modern superstitions—Hero-worship; for it shows how the principal actor conceived and executed his designs, and the ruthlessness with which he swept away everything and everybody that stood in his way. These letters and despatches are doubly interesting, inasmuch as they display at once the high power of the individual, his wonderful capacity for comprehending a vast plan, and his equally wonderful grasp of all the details of war and administration; whilst they also reveal his boundless ambition, and the savage energy with which he sought to gratify his love of power. They likewise enable us to appreciate the immense difficulties with which Napoleon had to deal, not only from the insufficiency of his means for executing his gigantic projects, but from the ignorance, the indolence, and the incapacity of his subordinates. Yet, in spite of all obstacles, the career of uninterrupted success is maintained by his intense force of will and his colossal power of intellect. In the midst of his greatest schemes, he never for a moment relaxes his attention to the smallest details of military organization—he neglects no precaution to secure the efficiency of his troops in the field, and the economical management of his finances. When he adverts to these subjects, or when he gives instructions to his brother Joseph on the government of his kingdom or the disposition of his troops, he shows a clearness of view and a definiteness of purpose that extort our admiration, however unwilling we may be to approve a policy which was simply one of conquest, and a government that was based only upon force.

The series of letters begins in May, 1795. Napoleon, having attained the rank of General of Brigade, was living unemployed at Paris, and the third of the Republican constitutions was under discussion. The earlier letters relate principally to family affairs, and they show that Napoleon, though not the eldest, was already the recognised head of the family. We see him recommending the purchase of property, and deciding upon the education and career of his younger brothers, with the same keenness and clearness of view which he displayed afterwards in the conduct of affairs of the first magnitude. Soon afterwards, he is appointed to the army of the West; but, ostensibly from ill health—though probably from the presentiment of a

\* *The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph, sometime King of Spain.* Selected and translated, with Explanatory Notes, from the "Mémoires du Roi Joseph." 3 vols. London: John Murray.



coming opportunity—he lingers on in Paris, and works in the topographical department of the Committee of Public Safety. He is named second in command on the 13th of Vendémiaire, and disarms the Sections. In a letter to his brother, dated at two in the morning after that eventful day, he writes:—

At last all is over. My first impulse is to think of you, and to tell you the news. The Royalists, organized in their sections, became every day more insolent. The Convention ordered the section Lepelletier to be disarmed. It repulsed the troops. Menou, who was in command, is said to have betrayed us. He was instantly superseded. The Convention appointed Barras to command the military force—the Committee appointed me second in command. We made our dispositions; the enemy marched to attack us in the Tuileries. We killed many of them; they killed thirty of our men, and wounded sixty. We have disarmed the sections, and all is quiet. As usual, I was not wounded.—P.S. Fortune favours me. My respects to Eugénie and to Julie.

From this date began Napoleon's career of uninterrupted success. He was first appointed General of the Army of the Interior, and in the following spring assumed the command of the Army of Italy. In a few weeks, the forces of Austria and Piedmont had been beaten in the field, and the great fortresses of the latter power had been given up to the French. On the 14th of May he re-entered Milan, and during the following year was employed in compelling the Austrians to abandon the struggle in Italy, and in establishing the Cisalpine Republic. Meanwhile, Joseph had been appointed French ambassador at Rome; and the correspondence contains some curious despatches conveying instructions to him. In September, 1797, Napoleon writes thus to his brother:—

The squadron of Admiral Bruys answers for the conduct of the Neapolitan Court. You need feel no anxiety. If Naples attempts to interfere, I will immediately destroy her commerce with the squadron, and, as soon as circumstances permit me, I will send thither a column of troops by way of answer. I shall take a tone which will deter these Neapolitan gentlemen from marching on Rome.

In short, while the present state of affairs in Rome continues, you must not suffer a general so well known as M. Provera to command in Rome. The Directory does not intend to allow the petty intrigues of the Italian princes to recommence. Knowing well the Italians, I attach the greatest importance to preventing the Roman troops from being under an Austrian general.

In your conversation with the Secretary of State, you will say, "The French Republic, always well disposed to the Pope, is perhaps on the point of restoring Ancona to him. You are ruining your own affairs. You will have revolts in Macerata and Urbino. You will ask assistance from France, and it will be refused." In fact, rather than give to the Court of Rome time to intrigue against us, I will make the beginning. Demand not only that M. Provera be deprived of the command, but require him to leave Rome in twenty-four hours. Show decision of character. The greatest firmness and the plainest speaking are necessary with such people. Show your teeth, and they are afraid; use them with too much consideration, and they become insolent.

Say publicly in Rome that M. Provera has been twice my prisoner of war—he will soon be so a third time. If he attempts to visit you, do not receive him. I know well the Court of Rome. This matter alone, well managed, may ruin it.

A year later, there is a very remarkable letter, written from Egypt in the midst of victories, but at a time when Napoleon had become suspicious of Joséphine's fidelity:—

Cairo, July 25, 1798.

You will see in the newspapers the result of our battles and the conquest of Egypt, where we found resistance enough to add a leaf to the laurels of this army. Egypt is the richest country in the world for wheat, rice, pulse, and meal. Nothing can be more barbarous. There is no money even to pay the troops. I may be in France in two months. I recommend my interests to you. I have much domestic distress. Your friendship is very dear to me. To become a misanthrope, I have only to lose it and find that you betray me. That every different feeling towards the same person should be united in one heart is very painful.

Let me have on my arrival a villa near Paris or in Burgundy. I intend to shut myself up there for the winter. I am tired of human nature. Greatness fatigues me; feeling is dried up. At twenty-nine, glory has become flat. I have exhausted everything. I have no refuge but pure selfishness. I shall retain my house, and let no one else occupy it. I have not more than enough to live on. Adieu, my only friend. I have never been unjust to you, as you must admit, though I may have wished to be so. You understand me. Love to your wife and Jérôme.

There is something prophetic in the language of this letter. Perhaps, during the stirring campaigns of the Consulate, the pure selfishness of Napoleon was not completely developed, but it becomes abundantly clear how his mind was more and more concentrated on the objects of his ambition. There was probably at no time—not even when he was professedly an ardent Republican—any strong political feeling or moral conviction in his nature; yet he was an active partisan, with all the faults, and perhaps some of the merits, that belong to that character. Moreover, he was far from wanting in devotion to his friends and his brothers—and that, too, at a time when he could scarcely have dreamed that the advancement of his kinsmen would in any way favour his own projects. But, with the tide of success, whatever gentleness there may have been in his nature was completely obliterated. When he became Emperor, he learned to treat his brothers, and especially Joseph, as the lowest of his creatures. He demanded the most abject subserviency, and though he gave them kingdoms, treated them as menial servants. Nothing, however, can be more brilliant than the manner in which Napoleon is seen in these letters directing from a distance the most important operations. There is a surpassing clearness and precision in the instructions which he gave his brother for the invasion of Naples, and the measures to be adopted in taking possession of the kingdom. We will take an extract from a letter dated Munich, January, 1806:—

An army composed of men belonging to different nations will soon commit blunders. The thing to be done should be to watch for them and turn them

to account; but you have nobody about you who can direct you how to do this. A week more or less is not of importance. Besides the three corps which I have mentioned to you, keep in hand a strong body of cavalry and light artillery, to be sent wherever it may be needed; but it is difficult to believe that the Russians and English will not retire as your army becomes strong and well organized. If, contrary to my expectations, the enemy should be strongly reinforced, on the first notice from you I will be with you. Talk seriously to Masséna and to S—, and say that you will have no stealing; Masséna has been robbing terribly in the Venetian country. I have recalled S— to Paris on the same ground. He is a rogue—keep strict discipline in this matter. Take six aides-de-camp. Hold no council of war, but collect opinions one by one.

A few weeks later, after the fall of Naples, there are more accusations against Masséna and S— for plundering, and the most stringent injunctions are given to Joseph to disarm the Neapolitan populace, and to repress by force any attempt at insurrection. At the same time, all the military arrangements, the lines of communication, and the organization of the army in Naples, are carefully laid down by Napoleon. He writes, in March, 1806:—

I have arranged the dépôts for your army. They must be left in Romagna and near Bologna, and the conscripts taken from them. You have ten times as many troops as you want: 6000 men are more than enough to keep down the kingdom of Naples. Show vigour, and make examples. I repeat, let spies be shot, and not sent to Fenestrelle. Not having the proofs, I do not know what to do with the wretches. Your letters tell me nothing. I hear nothing from you about the sea. I do not know if the English are showing themselves, nor the troops which they have on the Sicilian coast. You move much too slowly. You ought already to be master of Sicily. Do not fear the Russians, they can do you no harm. I hope that at present you are master of Reggio, and of all the towns on the Continent. In war, loss of time is irreparable. The excuses that are made for it are always bad. There is always some cause of delay.

The letters during the following summer abound in instructions and advice for the military occupation of the country, and the reduction of the places that still held out. In August, Napoleon writes characteristically:—

I should like very much to hear of a revolt of the Neapolitan populace. You will never be their master till you have made an example of them. Every conquered country must have its revolt. I should see Naples in revolt as a father sees his children in the small-pox; the crisis is salutary, provided it does not too much weaken the constitution. It is for this reason that your forts should be armed and provisioned. The part of your kingdom which is nearest to attaining a state of tranquillity, if you would but execute strict justice, is Calabria.

The fact was, Joseph had neither the energy nor the ability to consolidate the conquest so easily made by the invaders. He seems to have been very easily imposed upon by the Neapolitans, who made court to him; and the Frenchmen that were about him were neither able nor honest men. However, at length the kingdom of Naples was reduced to some sort of tranquillity. The English expedition returned, after the short and brilliant campaign of Maida, and the English Government was satisfied with saving Sicily from the grasp of the French. But King Joseph never succeeded in making his conquest support itself. There are innumerable passages in the Emperor's letters, upbraiding him for his want of skill in extorting a revenue from Naples, and for his want of tact in administration. Here is a sample of the latter:—

April 14, 1807.

Since you wish me to tell you what I think of your proceedings at Naples, I own that I was not very well pleased with the preamble to the decree suppressing the convents. In what concerns religion, the language should be in a religious and not in a philosophical spirit. You should display the talents of a ruler, and not those of an author or a man of letters. Why talk of the services which the monks have rendered to the arts and to science? Their merit does not consist in those services, but in their administration of the consolations of religion. This preamble is entirely philosophical, which was not what was wanted. You seem to me to insult those whom you expel. The preamble ought to have been in accordance with the monachal system. Disagreeable things are better endured from a person who agrees with you than from one who differs. You ought to have said that the number of the monks made their subsistence difficult; that the dignity of their profession required that they should all be well supported; that for that purpose a part must be removed; that some must be preserved because they are required for the administration of the sacraments, and that others must be released, &c. &c. As a general principle, I distrust a government which deals in fine writing. Each decree ought to have its own appropriate and professional style; a well-informed monk approving the suppression would have expressed himself differently. People bear injury when unaccompanied by insult, and when the blow does not appear to come from an enemy. Now the enemies of the monachal profession are literary men and philosophers. You know that I myself am not fond of them, since I have destroyed them wherever I could.

With this extract we must conclude, for the present, our notice of this interesting work, reserving for a future occasion the career of Joseph as King of Spain. In the mean time, we may observe that the translation is very creditably done. It was a good plan to select the Neapolitan letters out of the very voluminous work entitled *Memoirs of King Joseph*; and the summaries of events at the commencement of the chapters will be found very useful by the reader. There is, indeed, a difficulty which no translator can surmount. Napoleon generally dictated, always with great force, but sometimes in a broken and not very artistic form. In these cases, the translator can scarcely hope to reproduce the spirit of the original, because, to give a faithful version, he is necessarily obliged to retain all the faults and repetitions which occur in the original. It makes, however, a very agreeable book, not only from the interest which still attaches to the wars of the French Revolution, but from the insight which it affords into the Napoleon system, and the picture which it offers of the gradual development of his policy and his character.

## THE OXONIAN IN NORWAY.\*

"THE hardy Norseman's house of yore was" on that "wave" which Britannia has since been considered to "rule;" and his more modern habitation seems likely to be, if not colonized and annexed, at any rate overrun, by periodical migratory hordes of bold Britons in search of relaxation or excitement. This overworked age wants a margin to disport in. Wales and Scotland are not enough—they are getting rapidly colonized by waiters, or rented by millionaires. No man of moderate means can now afford Scotch water or moors. Even our author went out to his Scandinavian hunting-ground with—

the usual sprinkling of "old Norwegians" on board; i. e., English *habitués* of Norway—men bound for the Namsen, where they held a lease of the different sections of water. It is amusing (says he) to see how jealous these good folks are of all strange faces. New-comers, such as some Oxford undergraduates who were on board, find little favour in their eyes. The operation of getting butter out of a hungry dog's throat is as nothing compared to the difficulty of extracting a crumb of information from them about possible sporting quarters. In fact, things have not changed for the better since the days of Belton and Sir Hyde Parker, and the earlier visitors of this country. Rich yachting Englishmen are fast raising the prices, and making the people less civil and more exacting, by over-pay and aristocratic airs. Most of the best rivers have consequently been let on lease for years to come.

How inconsistent with the regret implied in these words to write a book, as Mr. Metcalfe has done, which will probably determine all who have gone sporting in Norway to go again, and set many more longing to be off! If Norway is to be a sort of extra Scotland, at a lower rate, his more prudent course would have been that of the "old Norwegians;" and if he had become acquainted with a good thing or two, to have kept his secret was his obvious policy. If, in his further wanderings with the rifle and the rod, he finds *gaards* less hospitable, salmon less weighty, rein-deer more shy, and the stale fumigation of polite life creeping along the fjord and the fell, he will be merely taking the consequences of his own wilful authorship. The "Oxonian in Norway" will produce many "Norwegians" in Oxford.

We are certainly unable to commend him as a traveller who can seize and transmute into his journal the spirit of scene and action fresh to the life. But who can so travel—at least now-a-days? That delicate porosity of mind which imbibes and remembers the slight sweet odour which the *genus loci* breathes, is a fairy gift, not to be found, perhaps, in these days of weak faith and active science. In this power, however, of self-identification with the scene of which he treats, Mr. Metcalfe is, perhaps, weaker than most who try to write what they merely did and saw by mountain or by stream. The book smacks a little too much of the common-room broke loose, and shows none of the chameleon-like facility of taking the local colour. There is a cold, grey, "Oxford-mixture" tone of mind which creeps, in a stealthy under-current, along its pages. This, however, is only, or chiefly, when the author comes in contact with his fellow-creatures. When he is simply face to face with nature, and sets before you nothing but a pine clump, with an eagle in the sky, or, "above the region of trees," a "dusky hided herd" of reindeer, with a mountain for the background, there is a genuine relish in his pages which many works of more pretension lack. The book, however, is, on the whole, the better for not being all of a sporting character. Of scenery he does not convey much feeling to the inward eye, and the two rather skinny-looking lithographs which head his volumes convey less; but there is still enough to give a sort of costume to the incidents, and afford the relief of quiet to the moral nerve, which is glad sometimes that the gun is not carried full-cock—*neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*. Even the little bye bits about the inner life of the Norsk "sæter" (chalet), or the touches of conversation with the peasant guide, or with the dairy-maid of some mountain solitude, if they do not thrill us with a sense of picturesque reality, leave us grateful for the information about our Northern cousins which they give in such an undidactic way. To be sure, we cannot succeed in forgetting that it is given by an "M.A., Fellow of &c. &c.," who, while he jots down the sayings of these simple folk, knows a good deal better himself. He has the following account of an "opbyggelse," i. e., preaching—or, we suppose, etymologically, "up-building," or "edification":—

By a small table stood the preacher, dressed in a blue coat and trousers. His countenance was of a pallid and thoughtful cast, but now warmed with exertion, and his eye lit up with the enthusiasm of the moment. In soft winning tones he was addressing the congregation on the love of the Saviour. His language was simple, and address fluent; but although impassioned, he was without rant and fury, like a Stiggins of the Brick-lane Branch, at home; nor did he emulate the unctuous rapidities of a Chadband. . . . "What do you think of Ole Carlem?" inquired some of the bonders of me, exultingly.

"He preaches very well; but what do you think of the pastor?" was my reply.

"Oh! he is a good man, and preaches very well, undoubtedly," was their answer; "but Ole Carlem preaches much better. We understand every word he says."

"I hope you will practise it," was my observation.

The reader will not fail to observe the twang of Cockayne recalled in the name of "Stiggins," and the patronizing, highly safe, and respectable truism conveyed in "my observation" at the close.

Again, a peasant-smith had made our author a fly for his tackle:—

It was quite a masterpiece of art, considering the imperfect tools at his

\* *The Oxonian in Norway; or, Notes of Excursions in that Country in 1854-1855.* By the Rev. Frederick Metcalfe, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford.

command. Nay, I have been since informed by a practical man in England, that it could not have been better made by a first rate London mechanic. This is only a fresh proof to me of the remark, that there is an excellent raw material in this country to work upon. I was glad to hear, on a subsequent visit to the valley, that the little Schmid was looking up in the world.

Very likely the "practical man" was right; but why introduce him, or the "London mechanic," either? Why not have told us point blank that the fly was effective, and how many pounds of salmon it killed, if any? and why, again, the patronizing remark towards the country in general, and the "little Schmid" in particular? This slightly critical turn of mind, for ever peeping out when men are on the scene, and not merely wild deer or widgeon, is a serious drawback to the pleasure afforded by such a book as the present. It is perfectly natural in the well-educated man whom one meets in the first-class carriage on the way to the Lothians—there the superciliousness of civilization is proper to time, place, and person; but it is out of keeping with Norsemen, Laps, and Fins, and destroys the rude, hearty sense of nature.

Our author is not only a keen sportsman, but has something of the eye and heart of the naturalist. He carries into his observation of favourite objects—feathered, finny, or quadrupedal—something of the accurate discrimination which Oxonian habits of thought have doubtless engendered. Nor is he without a certain appreciation of the more striking points of human character, although he lacks the artless sympathy which readily mates itself with the man at its side. We feel, as we read, that his guide, his boatman, or his host, was, until influenced by the moral aperient liquor, a little shy of him—a little too well behaved—a little conscious of a "chiel amang 'em taking notes." The same scholarly tone which sharpens his observation, rather straitens that flow of broad, easy humour, which marks the happiest observer of men and manners—the moral naturalist. He appears to have learnt how to trap bears, though the species, we believe, has lately become extinct at Oxford—how to obtain brandy in spite of a stringent "liquor law"—to have "astonished the natives" of a remote part by the gentle craft of the fly, to have inculcated an improved use of their own language, and to have endeavoured to teach them the appreciation of their scenery. He even sought to shame them out of "pot-hunting;" a needless insult and a hopeless task in a country where he himself found it at times difficult to get enough to eat. Besides, your "pot-hunter" is a child of nature, and your true sportsman a mere modern refinement. We verily believe that Nimrod himself hunted for the pot, and would have hit an ostrich sitting. He saw the Maelstrom—he thought he saw the sea-serpent, but that was resolved by the telescope into a string of porpoises at play—he encountered a pretty girl, whom he describes as minutely as if she had been a mermaid—he saw the legendary grave of Odin, and the spot where Thor lost his hammer—was driven once by a female postboy—got once almost within shot of a herd of reindeer wild—and found an island, "at the north end of which is an exact resemblance of Lord Brougham in his chancellor's wig. The nose," he says, "is perfect." We fancy that the famous "promontory of noses," of which Sterne speaks, must lie somewhere on the Scandinavian coast. "Opposite to this island, behind the Sandhorn, is the entrance to the Beyan river, on the banks of which a wealthy London brewer met a Scandinavian fair one, who eventually became his wife. Up the river, salmon are taken with the fly." One would almost suppose the actual angling was introduced *apropos* of the figurative. After this, who can be surprised at hearing that the price of Norwegian water is likely to rise?

As a specimen of attention turned to points in which the mere disciple of the ramrod finds little interest, we may quote the following:—

To realize still further the abnormal condition of the climate, let us remember that, on the coast of Greenland, Polar ice begins at 65°. There seems no reason to doubt that these climatic phenomena must be attributed mainly to the gulf stream. Local influences also much modify the climate. Thus, at Roraas, which is far inland, and lies below latitude 65°, at an altitude of somewhat over 2100 feet, neither barley nor the pine tree will grow; and at Læssø, in Gulbrandsdal, at a height of from 1200 to 2000 feet above the sea, the barley harvest is uncertain; potatoes will not grow, and the pine has disappeared; though, in a general way, it is computed that every two degrees of north latitude, as far as climate is concerned, are equivalent to an increased height above the sea of 500 feet. In Valdres, on the other hand, pine grows 2900 feet above the sea; and in Hallingdal, barley at 2700.

Here is a passage touching the want of proficiency of the Norwegians in the use of classifying language:—

After a severe struggle I captured him; it was a beautiful trout, nearly three pounds.

"No trout, eh?" said I, "what do you call that?"

"A lax," (salmon,) replied the boatman, doggedly. Will it be believed, that these people actually had never heard of "ørret," the Norwegian for a trout?

Again,—

Singularly enough, though I explained the shape and appearance of this fish to several Norwegians, nobody could tell the Norwegian appellation for sole. Here again I had a fresh instance of the utter absence in this country of anything like an accurate terminology for the several objects of natural history, whether among fishes or birds. Thus, for instance, soles, flounder, turbot, holibut, skate, brill, all the flat-fish, in short, go by the general name of "flynder." So, likewise, every species of bird with a long bill, be he snipe, woodcock, sandpiper, redshank, or what not, is in vulgar parlance, "sneppe." . . . It is true that the proper name for woodcock is "rugte," but not one Norwegian in a thousand is at all aware of this.



To-day I tried hard to get out of a countryman the true Norwegian term for newt. He knew what I meant; but "Snög" was all he could say about it. That, however, clearly means "snake." So lizard is called "Furbeen," i. e. "four legs," a form equally applicable to an ox or any other quadruped.

We think, however, that something approaching to this want of class-terms is common among rustics in all countries. For instance, in many parts of our own, we suspect that a martin and a swallow, and perhaps other kindred varieties, would have one name in common use, and one only. So also of "slug" and "snail." Mr. Metcalfe, to judge from his book, is fonder of the fish than of the fowl, and of the fowl than of the brute, in the way of sport. He is diffuse in the amphibious species of anecdote which, in the "pull devil pull baker" style, pursues the captured salmon from the first rush to the last struggle, and the interest of which, however varied by local or personal features, mostly turns on the apparently alternating probabilities, at least in Norway, of the fish pulling the man into the water, and the man, or men—for it takes two to one—pulling the fish out of it. His second volume opens with a water campaign of distinguished success. A "twenty-two," "twenty-one," and "fifteen pounder," follow each other in rapid succession—then comes a trout, a char of six pounds, and another trout—then a ditto with a "lemming" (a small quadruped about the size of a mole, but which swims), in its belly—and on further trial a second "lemming" was squeezed out of the same fish. Then "ten more" salmon, and again "six more," are duly chronicled; and lastly, one who should have been the *spolia opima*, and was "long enough for forty pounds," and indeed was guessed at that weight as he shot through the water, yet "was only five-and-twenty, being thin and in bad condition. The mark of a seal's teeth near the tail explained the matter." Acting on this hint, Jok, the Achates of our author's excursion, killed one or two of these native poachers as they lay asleep on the bank of the stream. After this diversion of seal-shooting, we have a further variation of "burning the water," with the practical hint that in Norway they always aim near the tail of the fish—a more vital part than the shoulders, which form the usual mark in Scotland. Then comes some more salmon killing, and then, as a *chef d'œuvre*, "a sea trout, with the louse upon him, just under twenty pounds! The largest I had ever seen or heard of; the sport such," adds our author, "as I can hardly hope to have again."

It became necessary to make an example of a brace of biped poachers, besides the seal or two aforesaid. "They were not," says the avenger of their ravages, "of that class that usually appears before a justice for unlawful fishing; nor were the hooks they used the best Limerick, though I question whether they ever missed their fish, when they once got hold of him. I am alluding to two ospreys," &c. We think the introductory play of wit a little forced; but the passage which describes the ospreys fishing, and the author's fowling after them in revenge for salmon massacred, is full of spirit and interest. Occasionally, however, the tables are turned, and the salmon retires with the osprey's talons in him, far beneath his native element, osprey and all.

These fresh anecdotes of the wave and the wild have, after all, an inexhaustible charm, if only a slight precaution be observed against a recurrence of the same features. Above all, birds are the most interesting in this respect. For instance, your dog has put up ptarmigan, or snipes; you observe a golden eagle rise majestically out of a birch thicket, and hover over the group, "attracted apparently by the dog;" you fire, and hear the shot rattling against his plumage, far up in the sky, too far for a feather to be seriously ruffled, and then he sails with calm dignity away. Then there are the raven, the "bird of Odin," which, when two to one, will worry even the eagle—the *garrulus infaustus*—the crow, which is in Greenland as the cuckoo here, the harbinger of spring—and ducks, gulls, cormorants, without number or name, which make this region the great wild aviary of Western Europe. To be sure, here and there, moral reflections occur to "the Oxonian," as to Jacques, in the forest of Ardenne—showing how like birds are to men, and how *vos non vobis* is true of both; and we turn the page with a little impatience, but soon hap upon something that wins us again to read with content, and even delight. Then, too, new elementary phases and fresh moods of nature open every now and then before us. The icy wind of the pole seals up anew the melting snow, and "stops the supplies" of the rivers; or the same powerful agitator snaps off the young spruce trees at the stump, and strews their boles in the horse's path of the astonished traveller. The horse, however, is up to all that, and steps along with hardly diminished speed. Who can now-a-days be surprised at hearing that the Maelstrom has been brought within the horizon of sober fact, and, like Charybdis before it, "is by no means so dangerous as is imagined"—that it is, indeed, only really formidable "when wind and tide are contrary," as at other seasons the boatmen of Luffoden, whose granite pyramids rise hard by, "contrive to make a tolerably smooth passage across?" Mont Blanc is similarly *blasé*—its supposed heroic difficulties are set down to the imposture of the guides; and we suppose that, by-and-bye, some modern Prometheus will be starting pleasure excursions down the crater of Mount Etna, and working a steam apparatus of descent and ascent, with local fuel, in a vertical shaft. Further and further the limits of the world of fancy recede. An English shooting-party has positively been heard of in Spitzbergen a few winters ago, and there is a comical story about their doings among the reindeer, which

marks the line where fact and fiction meet. We are afraid that, ere long, Spitzbergen too will yield to the millionaire in search of something still more new and strange than Norway affords him. We shall have "the Oxonian" still further north, with his note-book in his pocket, and his rifle at his back; and we shall have "Lord L." too, making ducks-and-drakes of his money within the Arctic circle. But we had forgotten to inform the reader what that eccentric nobleman has been doing—he shall have it, however, in Mr. Metcalfe's own words:—

A real live English nobleman, Lord L., who has wealth enough to procure the best river in Great Britain, has found out this sequestered spot, and must needs take the fishing, and raise the prices. Let Lord L. permit me to assure him that this is quite a mistake. He ought to have been content with home, and left sportsmen of less princely means, to whom Scotch fishing, from its price, is quite inaccessible, to the rough doings in Norway. As the stoned frog said to the schoolboys in the fable, "This may be sport to you, but it is death to us."

This sore passage stands in a page headed "Aristocratic Exclusiveness," which surely is "quite a mistake;" for evidently aristocracy and exclusiveness have nothing to do with it—it is simply the market effect of money, and would have as surely followed the footsteps of a cotton lord or iron master as of a "real live nobleman." It is just possible Lord L. may not care for "Scotch fishing." There are other passions, besides the love of a shilling, which sometimes lead a man to the world's end. If the impression left by Mr. Metcalfe's book on our mind be correct, there is a wild, unpreserved air about the Norway streams which must have passed away from Scotland rather rapidly of late; and many men will feel a new sense of enjoyment in an old pleasure, as they throw the fly on the Bardu and the Malanger, which the hackneyed streams of home, with the artificialities of modern life waiting for one on the brink, can never yield. Once more we repeat that Mr. Metcalfe's book is likely to do more harm in creating a competing demand for his favourite waters and rocks, than the House of Peers with all their wealth and wisdom. In the mean time, while the dew of the early morn of civilization lingers on its mountains, while there are as yet no hotel-keepers, no cooks, no doctors, save village crones, (we suppose the successors of the "Lapland witches,") no poachers save the osprey and the seal—while the natives do not yet know a trout from a salmon, and before they have ceased to take "sixteen-pounders" with a bunch of lob-worms at the end of a string—we invite "Ramrod, Nimrod, and Flyrod," to go forth and prosper. By and bye the people will possess surnames, and an "accurate terminology;" and wandering Britons, though they may find enough to eat in Norway, will be pursued as proper objects of prey by the natives, even as they themselves pursue the salmon and the ptarmigan:—

Torva leena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam,  
Te Corydon, O Alexi.

In taking leave of these pleasant pages, we will remark that our author appears in the shooting-jacket phase throughout. The white tie of the Rev. F. Metcalfe was in lavender, or at the wash, whilst he wandered in Scandinavia. He appears to have been welcomed to many a "Prestergaard" (manse, or rectory), but rather on the score of general hospitality than of any religious recognition; and the personal notices of some of the Norsk pastors are amongst the most pleasing, or least displeasing, of those passages which treat of the people of the land. The talk, however—if we except a drinking party, in which mine host, apparently under the influence of those potent northern spirits, "finkel" and "Bajersk-öl," and those hardly less stimulating southern ones, Madeira and Port, wound up the symposium with an anathema on "those mischievous Puseyites"—appears to have run about as much on clerical topics as the famous confabulation between the Knight of the Fetterlock and the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst. The author has rather a hard-edged way of telling any trait of the spiritual character of the people—e.g., in his several-times-repeated mention of the prevalence of confirmation—which, without offending, fails to satisfy the moral sense; and he has that free facility in using Scripture language on trivial occasions which *does* offend, and which is becoming a fashionable vice amongst our light writers. An Oxonian M.A. in holy orders might know better.

#### THE HARBOURS OF ENGLAND.\*

MR. RUSKIN has been working hard of late—or rather he has given us the proof of much hard work during the last few years. Although the *Harbours of England* is a mere bagatelle compared with the ponderous volumes he has not long since published, it contains the fruit of careful investigation on a subject hitherto almost untouched by writers on art—viz., the sea and ships as represented by painters, ancient and modern. It forms an interesting and valuable page in the volume he has unsealed to the art-student; for he has, indeed, been a Luther in the world of art, protesting against the errors of its teachers, and claiming for all the right of individual reading and understanding of its scripture—the book of Nature—unshackled by the arbitrary interpretation of others.† The remarks on

\* The *Harbours of England*. Gambart and Co. 1856.

† By far the most liberal and clear-sighted examination into Mr. Ruskin's powers and mission as a writer—into what he has done and is doing for us—is to be found in the July number of the *National Review*.

sea and shipping form an introduction to some critical notices on a series of twelve engravings from Turner, executed by Mr. Thomas Lupton, entitled the *Harbours of England*. Why the work is so entitled, Mr. Ruskin explains to us—else, as he anticipates, we should have wondered how such unimportant watering-places as Margate and Sidmouth could have found admittance to the exclusion of Liverpool, Yarmouth, &c. The fact is, this is but the commencement of a series, the completion of which was prevented by Turner's death; and the title which would have been appropriate for the completed work has been retained for the fragment, out of respect to the intention of the artist.

The introductory essay is delightful, full of powerful and exquisite description, of imaginative glances into the "Mind of Nature," and of poetical reading of the teaching of inanimate things. Mr. Ruskin begins by showing us what there is of marvellous and admirable fitness in the bow of a boat. After exhausting his powers of making us feel its life and beauty as he feels them, and telling us how "that rude simplicity of bent plank that can breast its way through the death that is in the deep sea, has in it the soul of shipping," he in some sort apologizes for his partiality for boats by endeavouring to prove that the poets sympathize with him, since creating for themselves an ideal of motion, they fasten upon the charm of a boat rather than on that of wings. Here, however, we must differ from him. A writer may have this or that sympathy springing indigenously from his nature, or planted there by the mysterious and subtle power of association; but he must not expect others to follow him in each wayward liking. We believe that poets, and most other men, have more generally longed for wings to fly with than for a boat to sail in. Few can have watched the sun sink slowly down on a still summer's evening without yearning to float out in the glowing calm breath of the twilight air, and to wing their flight, like spirits, high and far away into the brightness of the pure ether; and there are few who have not echoed the inspired poetry of David, when he cries with such intense human longing, "O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest." We think also, that the poets might be quoted to prove that their sympathies lean at least as much one way as the other; and even in the passage Mr. Ruskin cites from Dante, the whole beauty and power of the lines depend on the wings of the "bird of God":—

So that nor oar he needs, nor other sail  
Except his wings, between such distant shores.  
Lo! how straight up to heaven he holds them reared,  
Winnowing the air with those eternal plumes!

After contrasting the mediæval dislike of the sea with the modern love for it in its wildest as well as its gentler moods, he goes on to choose, out of the whole "architecture of the sea," the three noblest types—1. The fisher-boat; 2. The merchant-brig or schooner; 3. The ship of the line. He shows how deeply and touchingly symbolic their existence is of human life—its weary, unceasing labour, its courage and patience, and of the rest that comes at last. After glancing at the impossibility of the complete drawing of a ship in motion, and of the unfitness of shipping in its perfection for becoming the subject of noble art, he gives a slight historical sketch of the manner in which the sea and ships have been represented by the consecutive schools of art; and we must thank Mr. Ruskin heartily, as being among the number of those who have felt the sublimity and loveliness of Ocean, for his sarcasm on the Dutch sea-pieces of which so many examples are to be found in our best private collections, and for his magnificent description of a "true sea-wave." He says truly:—

We are to be reproached, who, familiar with the Atlantic, are yet ready to accept with faith, as types of sea, the small waves, *en papillote*, and peruke-like puffs of farinaceous foam, which were the delight of Backhuysen and his compeers. If one could but arrest the connoisseurs in the fact of looking at them with belief, and magically introducing the image of a true sea-wave, let it roll up to them through the room—one massive fathom's height and rood's breadth of brine, passing them by but once—dividing, Red Sea-like, on right hand and left—but, at least, setting close before their eyes for once, in inevitable truth, what a sea-wave really is; its green, mountainous giddiness of wrath, its overwhelming crest—heavy as iron, fitful as flame, clashing against the sky in long cloven edge—its furrowed flanks, all ghastly clear, deep in transparent death, but all laced across with lurid nets of spume, and tearing open into meshed interstices their churned veil of silver fury, showing still the calm, grey abyss below, that has no fury and no voice, but is as a grave always open, which the green, sighing mounds do but hide for an instant as they pass. Would they, shuddering back from this wave of the true, implacable sea, turn forthwith to the *papillotes*? It might be so. It is what we are all doing, more or less, continually.

As might have been expected, Mr. Ruskin does not neglect the opportunity of a well-merited thrust at Claude's shipping, and "les peintures maudites de ce damné Salvator" (to quote Michelet), and he concludes by speaking at some length of Turner's marine painting.

Little can be added to Mr. Ruskin's remarks on the engravings. Undoubtedly no writer could have been chosen so competent as himself to illustrate them, and that this is very much his own opinion he tells us plainly in the preface, with some lack of good taste. Nevertheless, his close study of out-of-door nature, of Turner's works, and his knowledge of the engraver's art, are probably possessed by no one else in the same degree, and his intense admiration of the artist's works have not blinded him to his faults, for he has played the part of a severe critic. There are amongst the series several very striking illustrations of the

theory of "Turnerian topography," advanced in the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*—though there are also two or three, such as the "Dover" and "Falmouth," full of meaningless exaggeration. To us, the "Scarborough," "Sheerness," and "Ramsgate" are the most impressive pictures. The general treatment of the "Sidmouth," with which Mr. Ruskin is somewhat dissatisfied, strikes us as very beautiful; and by introducing the huge fragment of sandstone rock, reaching up out of the water and telling dark and heavy against the distant houses and sky, Turner has given at once local character and added grandeur. Mr. Ruskin's remarks on the "Deal" are excellent, as illustrating not only Turner's picture, but the place itself. In his comments on the "Scarborough," he gives us a very interesting explanation of one stratagem employed by Turner to increase the feeling of perfect repose, which, though very evident when pointed out, would have been discovered by none but a very careful observer. He says, "Reflection and Repetition are peaceful things," and he shows with what curious completeness this principle was carried out by Turner; and, as *apropos* of the subject, we must here notice a most delicate and truthful little piece of criticism which occurs in the introduction. "The surface of quiet waters, with other painters, becomes fixed. With Turner, it looks as if a fairy's breath would stir it, but the fairy's breath is not there. So also, his boats are intensely motionless, because intensely capable of motion." No one can differ from Mr. Ruskin in awarding the very highest praise to the engraver, and the personal superintendence of the artist is a most valuable guarantee for their correctness.

This book shows none of the perverse eccentricity of criticism which makes Mr. Ruskin's pamphlet on the Royal Academy Exhibition of this year a triumph to his detractors and a scandal to his admirers. Although, owing to its brevity, the *Harbours of England* offers but a small field for the exercise of his highest powers, and is not chargeable with the dogmatism which has marred so much that he has written, still it is tolerably characteristic of his authorship, more especially in the intense life and beauty of the descriptions. He is sometimes betrayed into an unconscious twisting of facts to agree with his own theories, and even, in one curious example, to agree with two opposing theories. In his remarks on the "Portsmouth," he asserts that Turner is so careful in the arrangement of sails and all technical details, that even in cases where a sailor has noticed mistakes, they have proved but apparent mistakes—Turner right, the sailor wrong. And then he adds—

Still this cannot be the case in every instance; and supposing my sailor-informant to be perfectly right in the present one, the disorderliness of the way in which this ship is represented as setting her sails, gives us further proof of the imperative instinct in the artist's mind refusing to contemplate a ship even in her proudest moments, but as in some way over-mastered by the strengths of chance and storm.

Thus he carries out his theory (p. 22) that Turner, after having seen a shipwreck before the year 1818, "never afterwards painted a ship quite in fair order." How can one exception to order prove his "imperative instinct" to represent ships in disorder—or, if this be not an exception, but the rule, how can the sailor's criticism be always wrong? Because, of course, supposing that Turner purposely errs, this does not invalidate the sailor's fault-finding, as he cannot enter into the artist's feeling, but merely reasons on his knowledge of how a vessel ought to be rigged at any particular moment. Doubtless, the one great thing to be considered in an author is, what he has to say, and not how he says it; yet the thought does take a colouring from the words that clothe it—lesser things do influence greater—and there are faults of style which irritate the reader and disturb his enjoyment of what would otherwise be beautiful writing, much as a swarm of gnats disturb our enjoyment of a beautiful landscape. Mr. Ruskin's "of's" and "of its" are very gnats, for irritating power. Some of his finest passages are turned into jingle by this mannerism, caught probably from Mr. Carlyle. For instance, in his noble description of an old collier, we have this phrase—"spinning of wheel, and slackening of rope, and swinging of spade," &c. In another place, we have "labourious flap of oars, and with infinite fluttering of flags and swelling of poops," &c.; and the affectation of employing "of it" when the simple possessive case of the pronoun would have served better, is even worse—as "essence of it," "facts of it," &c. &c. But, ignoring and forgetting, as best we may, these minor faults of style, where shall we find such vivid word-painting, such force of language as Mr. Ruskin's? We must in conclusion quote a few passages for the delight of our readers. In speaking of the marvellousness there is in a boat over every other human invention, he says—

But to war with that living fury of waters, to bare its breast moment after moment against the unwearied enmity of Ocean—the subtle, fitful, implacable smiting of the black waves, provoking each other on endlessly, all the infinite march of the Atlantic rolling on behind them to their help—and still to strike them back into a wreath of smoke and futile foam, and win its way against them, and keep its charge of life from them—does any other soulless thing do as much as this?

And who that has spent one calm summer's day on the beach but must hear again the sounds, and feel again the sensations, he then heard and felt, in reading this passage?—

The clear, heavy water-edge of Ocean rising and falling close to her bows in that unaccountable way which the sea has always in calm weather, turning the pebbles over and over, as if with a rake, to look for something, and then stopping a moment down at the bottom of the bank and coming up again

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with a little run and dash, throwing a foot's-depth of salt crystal in an instant between you and the round stone you were going to take in your hand, sighing all the while as if it would infinitely rather be doing something else.

And is not the whole terror of a shipwreck given in these four lines?—

But he, Turner, had seen more than the death of the ship. He had seen the sea feed her white flames on souls of men, and heard what a storm-gust sounded like that had taken up with it, in its swirl of a moment, the last breaths of a ship's crew.

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